

doc savage quarterly no. 10



# doc savage QUARTERLY

COMBINED  
WITH THE AGE OF THE UNICORN

page 2

no.10

NOW  
IS THE TIME  
FOR  
HEROES.

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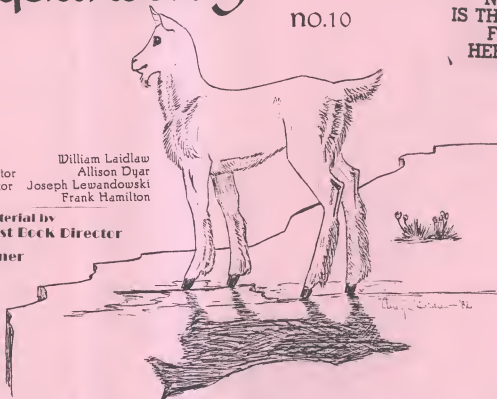


Illustration by Carolyn Laidlaw of her one-horned pet goat

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to DSQ #10. This is the last quarterly issue of DSQ. The next issue will be in two months and after that every one or two months. I would like to keep the DSQ name though, so send in your ideas for a new Q word. The best I have so far is Doc Savage Quantum: The Age of the Unicorn. Oh yes, about the new name. For those who are unfamiliar with Unicorn, it was a publication similar to DSQ of a couple of years ago. The last 8 issues put out by Mike Cook and 9-15 by Grant Thiesen. Through arrangements with them and artist Frank Hamilton, DSQ now is continuing it. The combined publication will be at least 30 pages long and put out more frequently. A large number of current DSQ contributors (including Bill Laidlaw, your editor) were also in Unicorn.

The cover (although originally done for the now defunct V2 publication) is seeing printing for the first time, and is dedicated to the creator of Prince Valiant, who died July 27th.

This issue of DSQ has several changes as a result of the READER POLL. Not enough people have returned it to show the totals yet, but the most cited Worst Thing was unreadable Introduction Page. Do you mean the broken up printing of the issues or the size? Would you prefer that this and the letters page be printed full size running four pages instead of reduced size? The printer has since found the reason for the breaking up of the last issues' printing and a free replacement of the #9 letters page is waiting for all who want it. Also wanted was a return of non-continued short stories, so one is enclosed. Next issue there will be instead an interview with someone who worked for John Sunlight in 1959 however. One unanimous survey reply is that fan articles should be reprinted (33 for, none against) and there are several good ones lined up for future issues from such publications as Unicorn and Kenophila.

Anyone who has not yet made their wishes known by returning the DSQ 9 reader poll please send it...

There is no average age of Doc fans, it ranges so far from 16 to 63. I am 34 myself. And more people like Star Trek than the Doc Savage movie.

In addition to DSQ, there is a new publication out this month by Joel DiGiacomo with help from some DSQ writers, at 111 E. Montgomery Ave, Ardmore PA 19003. And October will see the third issue (V1 #1) of Tom Johnson's ECHES (review this issue). And to think DSQ may have helped in all this...

Well you know by now that Bantam is re-releasing #22/23 THE CEAR OF FEAR/FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE. Now I already hear complaints from fans. Keep in mind Bantam is not in business because they're Doc fans, they're in business to make a profit. And there is more profit if the printing plates are already done and paid for. At least they are still publishing new doublebook novels intermittently. Neither The Shadow or The Spider have fared as well with one book printer, instead being dropped more than once. "Just be glad they are publishing at all," says Will Murray, who found the unpublished Red Spider novel. Whatever you do, don't send them a nasty letter. If that happened enough times they might decide to drop the whole thing and run off another 100,000 Garfield romances. When they see the drop in sales of rerun Doc books, they'll get the idea. If you decide to write anyway, print neatly or type, tell them that you like Doc Savage and buy all the new releases, and that you don't want to see the new issues suspended. BANTAN BOOKS, 500 Fifth Ave, New York 10036

Timex, known for quality American watches, is putting out the Sinclair computer, the world's first under \$100. An inexpensive 16K memory is available, and a 64K memory for a total of \$250, still far below any other comparable computer. So hopefully the next DSQ Unicorn will come out on schedule with the editing help of a computer. Anyone who knows home computers is welcome to send me your opinions.

Anthony Andrews, Jane Seymour & Ian McKellen are starring in THE SCARLET EMPEROR filming in London for tv on CBS sometime soon.

Also coming up are Robert Vaughn & David McCallum in tv-movie RETURN OF THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. What do the following have in common? Gene L. Cohn, Ricardo Montalban, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Majel Barrett, and James Doohan. See pg 13.

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DSQ SUBSCRIPTION RATES ON PAGE 38

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June 23

Thanks for your offer to advertise the EREQ. I will be glad to have the opportunity of reaching a wider audience. For now, the first issue will contain a good deal of bibliography, and more fact than fiction...including interviews with Barne Hogarth, Henry H. Reins, and Frank Shonfeld of England (with an editing sampling of his correspondence with ERE during the 1920s).

In return for the privilege of publishing new material from Tarzana Archives, I have agreed to allow EREQ to be owned and copyrighted by ERE Inc. (They have left all funding to me, but perhaps they will cough up something if I get in over my head financially...although such an eventuality is not stipulated in our contract). I estimate the length to be approximately 36 numbered pages on quality coated paper stock. However, to get the most from my color transparencies, I am planning to go to a large format.

Incidentally, I've been corresponding with Norma Dent since 1976. She and her friend, Mildred Arnold, visited me in Louisville last summer on one of their cross-country vacations, and we had a nice visit. We were just building our new library, so had not yet moved into it...but I took the ladies thru the building to give them some idea of our new digs.

Unfortunately for me, I have a one-track mind, and don't seem to be able to concentrate on ERE & Doc Savage at the same time. However, we have a significant number of the original Doc Savage pulps included in the collection of over 10,000 vols, which I bought from UCLA's dupe in 1974. If you know where I can locate a few scattered issues of Doc Savage to fill in my gaps, let me know. If you are wondering, the Burroughs Collection is funded by me, NOT by the library, so one must draw the line somewhere!! Yours sincerely

George T. McWhorter, Editor  
ERE QUARTERLY

June 8

About the Will Murray article (EQ38) in which he described the use of Doc's car. He forgot the gadget used in THE MAN WHO SHOOK THE EARTH that was an amazing powerful contact TV projector, also in that one is a Shadow-like story that has a poncho instead of cloak set in South America.

I wish to say the Darydd Neal Dyar list of Doc Savage people who might play the character could include Monk played by Buddy Hackett and Fat Savage played by Ann Dillman (of Making a Living).

Sincerely yours  
Stephen Antipas  
Belmont MASS

January 18

I was given your address by Will Murray, Nick Barr and Sgt. Darydd Dyar--spoke well of you. I had a story pub. last year--actually an article, 7-8 MAGS THE 30S, dealing with the coverings that were available to the Flying Spy...In August 1978, I mailed out the article. I sent it to Nick, for criticism/poisoning/illustration. Nick added a preface, and photocopied appropriate illustrations. He sent it back to me for my approval. In October 1978 he sent it off to 26 MAGS. The article finally appeared last year. And all I get out of it? A big fat WADA--not even a contributor's copy. I was TOLD about the article's publication in April by Darydd, he was just back from New York where he had seen Allison's copy. Finally last October, I



REPROCESSED OF BUILDING original cover  
Doc Savage is copyright Conde Nast

got to see my own article! The previous month, I wrote a letter to Frank Lewandowski--and have heard not so much as a burp from his direction.

Anyway, I've got a couple of article ideas percolating up here, in various stages of undress.

I hope we can get to some nice correspondence.

James Parten, Fillmore, CA

December 2

Thanks for the copy of EQ3. I've been trying to revise a long book (partly finished on the pulps, research some stuff for Mike Cook, and finish a stained glass lamp for a X-mas present, and in consequence go around mulling to myself all day. A pitiful case... June 24, 1982

Enclosed is a brief piece (that will be in the next EQ3). I'm trying to revise a book on pulp characters and it is far near killing me. Hundreds of pages that need rewriting and retyping, etc., etc. Enjoyed Will Murray's piece in EQ3. Always good to see anything by Will, whose works give me a tremendous charge. He doesn't stick to the obvious and gives good, solid, complete coverage of the subject.

Every day I get more cantankerous & ugly. Suppose it's caused by too many cigars. But one day, I hope to read two consecutive pages about Doc and not have mention of either Bama or the Doc movie. Those 2 subjects have been beaten thin and dry as the dust on King Tut's toe. Why can't somebody...review the life of the Doc Savage Club. The field is still full of untasted meat, ready for cooking. Why keep hammering at the damn worthless movie & Bama's old man?

Too many cigars, that's what causes it. Yours,  
Bob Sampson, Huntsville, ALA

July 7

Walter Baumhofer is being given a one-man show in Daytona Beach, FL, to July 16. It consists of 40 paintings (sorry, none of his Docs) done in oils or casein on canvas or board. The museum's magazine has this to say:

"Walter M Baumhofer is one of the noted artists from the 'Golden Age of Illustration' in the U.S. He produced over 400 covers for the great adventure magazines of the 30s & 40s and continues an active artistic life at age 79. This exhibition of Baumhofer's colorful and exciting paintings brings together 2 major Florida collections of illustrations by this major figure. In the Hall Gallery, 'Masters of American Illustration', June 24-July 15."

In addition is an article by Gary Russell Libby illustrated with far-too-few photos of Walt and his work. It was originally published in SOUTHWEST ART MAGAZINE Dec. 1961, but was accompanied by more color photos of Baumhofer art. Recognition of this outstanding illustrator's invaluable contribution to the American art scene is more than well-deserved and certainly long overdue."

Frank Hamilton, Gloucester, MASS

June 3 & March 10

Received EQ 3, this was the best issue to date, especially enjoyed "More" PULP MEMOIRS and "Doc's" "WHERE... Issue 3" the best yet. I might be another ERE article, possibly on his EDWIN KANE, sure, Dan Sobbett,

# IMMOBILE FACES

by

Albert Tonik

Most of you know Richard Henry Benson. To us pulpophiles he is known as The Avenger. Twenty four of his adventures were printed in *The Avenger* magazine published by Street & Smith from September 1939 to September 1942. There were several short stories printed in *Clues Detective*. The house name of the author was Kenneth Robeson, the same as used on the Doc Savage sagas. The novels were written by Paul Ernst and the shorts by Emile Tepperman. This comes from *The Hero Pulp Index* by Robert Weinberg and Lohr McKinstry. The short stories were reprinted in *Pulp* and the novels by Paperback Library from June 1972 to May 1975 with an extra twelve written by Ron Goulart.

In the first story, *Justice, Inc.* a terrible and tragic thing happens to Richard Henry Benson. He and his wife, Alicia, and his daughter, Alice, board a plane in Buffalo for Montreal. He loved them both dearly. During the flight, he goes to the lavatory. When he returns to his seat, Alicia and Alice are gone. When he asks about them, people are confused. They say he boarded the plane by himself. He goes half insane. When the plane arrives in Montreal, the police have to restrain him. He can't prove that his wife and daughter were with him. In his frenzy he loses touch with reality. He wakes up three weeks later in a sanitarium. He had brain fever. He has been transformed. His hair has gone from the black to snow white. His bronzed skin has turned deathly white. He can't move the muscles of his face. His face is "expressionless as a wax mask." When he presses against his face with his fingers, the muscles stay where they are moved.

For the next twelve adventures Benson goes through life with immobile features.

"The nerve shock had paralyzed his facial muscles in some curious way which made the dead flesh like wax; it could not move at the command of his nerves, but when his fingers moved it, it stayed in whatever place it was prodded. Thus he became a man of a thousand faces, for he could mold the obedient plastic of his countenance into the shape of the faces of others, and pass as them." (from chapter 2 of *The Sky Walker*)

In *Murder On Wheels*, Benson is cured. Whether Paul Ernst did not like the concept or it was hoped the change would boost sales is not known. In a letter, John Nanovic stated that the basics of *The Avenger* were worked out in conferences between William Ralston and himself. These were turned over to the author who fleshed out the characters and the plots.

Did the idea for The Avenger's face come from the fertile imagination of Nanovic and Ralston or were they influenced by stories from the past? There is a curious coincidence. Recently, I read a Bill Barnes story, *The Secret Empire*, printed in the January 1935 issue of *Bill Barnes Air Adventurer*. The author was George L. Eaton, a pseudonym for Chuck Verral and

Monty Montayne (see *The Hero Pulp Index*.) This story was published four years before *The Avenger* was conceived. The villain of the piece was called The Man of a Thousand Faces.

The Man of a Thousand Faces had an immobile face. "It was the queerest face they had ever seen. It appeared to be dead, to have no movement or nerves, as if it was fashioned of putty." In a fight, Cy Hawkins knocks down The Man of a Thousand Faces. "Cy's blow had pushed the flesh of the Arab's cheek up over his cheek bone in a knuckle-indented lump. And the flesh stayed there — like putty that had been pressed into a lopsided mass." So we see that the Arab villain had a face very similar to the face of Richard Henry Benson. As a matter of fact, the Arab made his face resemble the powerful and beloved Mahdi of Kairwan. In this fashion he was able to induce many tribesmen and natives into joining his army to take over all of North Africa.

Let me try to recap the story. I doubt that I can capture the essence of over 100 pages in a few paragraphs. About five years before the story begins, The Man of a Thousand Faces discovers a secret society living in caves in the red hills of Ahaggar. This is in the Eastern part of Algeria. He uses the Black Prophets as the basis for his army. He poses as the holy man, the Mahdi of Kairwan. He recruits an army and an air force. His objective is to overthrow the French and take command of North Africa. Several months ago the Sheik Othman Lakhdar decides to try to find the Secret Empire. He succeeds but barely escapes with his life. His troubles are just beginning. The rebels take over his sheikdom and force him to flee. What should he do? If he goes to the French with his story, he feels that he would be turning against his people. Then two weeks ago, he remembers his college chum, Bill Barnes. The Sheik writes to Bill and says he will be in Tunis at the end of November.

The story opens with Bill Barnes flying to Tunis. He is accompanied by a fleet of his planes a small army of his friends. Bill is flying the *Hellion*. On board is the teenager of the crowd, Sandy Sanders, as well as Sandy's plane, the *Eaglet*. There are six of Bill's fighting ships, the *Snorters*. These are flown by Red Bleason, Cy Hawkins, Shorty Hassfurther, Beverly Bates, Scotty MacCloskey, and Bull Gardiner. Bull is the fullback, Cy the Southerner, Beverly the Bostonian, and Scotty the — aw, you guessed it. The rest of the fleet consist of the three huge transports manned by the likes of Homer Coggeswell, Slim Henderson, Sammy Moore, Andy McCullough, old Dan Humphreys, and many others.

The Barnes fleet reach Tunis from a peculiar direction. They fly west over Malta to the town of Gabes, then north over Tunisia, past the holy city of Kairwan, to Tunis. They land in the bay, and Sheik Lakhdar comes out to meet them. He explains what has happened and states that he is on his way to Paris to live in exile. While flying over the Mediterranean, the Barnes flight had been attacked by six Kawasaki fighters with no identification. Bill and company had easily downed them. Bill wants the Sheik to guide the fleet to the hidden caves so that he can avenge both the Sheik and the attack on his planes. The Sheik offers his uncle, Beji Echamachi, to lead Bill Barnes to the location of the Secret Empire.

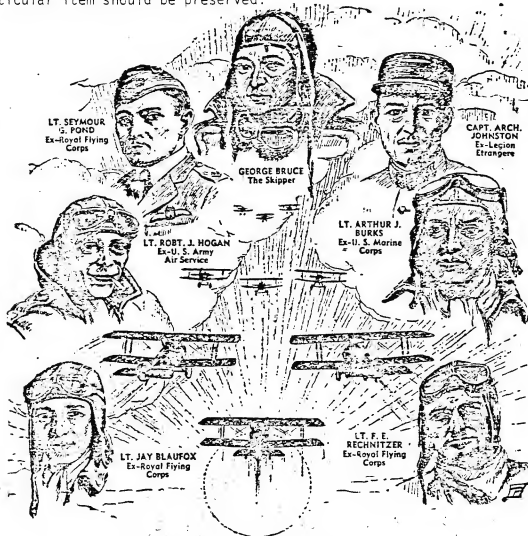
From then on things go wrong. The Man of a Thousand Faces kills

*continued on page 9*

## PULP NOSTALGIA

by Nick Carr

BELOW from the memorabilia Alan Grossman has collected on the pulps is something that may interest all of you. Note the names of several well known authors, one in particular. I for one think this particular item should be preserved:



### A NEW SQUADRON TAKES OFF With VETERANS YOU ALL KNOW FLYING POINT

VETERANS who know the landmarks of a thousand flying fields scattered over the world. Veterans who can take the new youngsters just up from the pool aside and tell them in terse words the lore of war in the air. You know them, you've been with them on a hundred breathless combats. Now we have them all together . . . leading YOUR Squadron. How many times have you dreamed of flying wing to wing with men like Rechnitzer, Parsons, Johnston, Blaufox and Burks? Well, here they are . . . flying for you and with you . . . every month in SQUADRON, the fighting brother magazine to CONTACT.

Watch for SQUADRON on the 1st of every month, and CONTACT on the 15th, both beginning with the August issue out in June.

Here is an item that may take the eye and ear of old pulp readers and radio fans. Radiola (Box C, Sandy Hook CT 06482) has released a brand new Tarzan record titled *Tarzan and the Diamond of Ashair*. There have been a couple of others, but this one is the best to date. The voice of Tarzan is Jim Pierce and it was first broadcast back in 1934. You might want to write them for their catalogue.

At this time the two of us would like to pose a rather interesting question. "Did any of the Pulp Heroes Ever Go To The Bathroom?" Don't laugh. This is a very serious theorem from our viewpoint. First of all what is a bathroom? Webster's Dictionary put it rather simply: "A room containing a bathtub or shower, and usually a wash bowl and toilet." The man who first invented the item used by *all* of us daily was a genial, kingly Englishman named Thomas Crapper. (For all you connoisseurs who may wish to further peruse this fantastic subject there is a book titled *Flushed With Pride* by Wallace Raeburn with the full story. It is published by Prentice-Hall.)

For example, let's take one of our favorite detectives, Dan Turner. In the Number One issue of *Hollywood Detective* is a story "Murder's Messenger." Here is just a short paragraph: "I looked at my watch. It was a little after four in the afternoon. I'd just have time to go to my stash for a shower, shave and a couple of hookers of Scotch." He never made it. But then we know that Dan Turner is a real hot-shot and maybe — just maybe realized that a daily output of urine was about 1,500-2,000 ml or just around three pints. He could achieve that. So Dan goes on his merry way.

In the part of this country where one of us reside, the Lone Ranger, the Rio Kid, and the Masked Rider would have little problem — if they used caution. For the most part they were usually riding around those "wide open spaces," and each could pick a likely spot near some cactus or sagebrush. This would be after checking for rattlesnakes and a wandering scorpion or two. Getting bit on certain areas of the human anatomy for the Lone Ranger might prove difficult to live down. Being a military man, the Rio Kid probably never had disobeyed the call — "To the rear, march!" Or for that matter, "Front and Center!" But not at attention. If they happened to ride into Tombstone there had to be an outhouse someplace. (We saw a ghost town once where some enterprising cowhand had built an elevated outhouse, one on top of the other. Never did quite figure out just what happened to the hombre below.) Anyway, Pete Rice on the other hand, living as he did with his mother most likely had a decorated place out back. Like some roses growing around the doorway.

Tarzan, Ki-Gor, Ka-Zar and even Sheena must have had it made with all the African jungle as a disposable site. A nearby river, stream, or lake usually nearby, reached by just grabbing a vine and swinging to it. Oh, maybe once in a while a friendly crocodile came swimming by and might upset things. With Tantor the elephant, Tarzan had to watch his step believe me.

What do you suppose might happen if the Shadow had the urge to go right in the middle of a fierce exchange of gunfire? Maybe the reason the Shadow and the Spider laughed so much was to hide the fact they were passing gas. Another great possibility is that both of these men carried a disposable bag inside of their black flowing capes. They had everything else.

It is not beyond belief The Phantom Detective and Secret Agent X also might have a disposable bag in their make-up kits. Knowing just how fast Secret Agent X usually managed to get his kit out, if he had to "go" suddenly, it really would pose not much of a problem.

# Memories of the Bronze Doctor

BY ROBERT BROOKS

On a recent visit to New York City, I managed to attend a special dinner at the Travelers and Adventurers Club, of which I am a member; my membership allowed as I am a sort of writer of so-called fantastic adventure stories, and by no means a world traveller or great adventurer myself. Also, being a Canadian I only manage to attend one or two of the club's special functions each year. The dinner I have already mentioned was given in honour of those special members of the club, who have remained members since its founding in 1930, — over fifty years of continuous membership. The club boasts a paid up membership of nearly two hundred persons, and of these I noted that seven were still active as original members. As I have always found most special dinners and functions to be rather stuffy affairs, I was quite prepared to put in a mostly dull evening, livened up only by superb dining, and the opportunity of chatting a few moments with a few other members, which who I kept contact with over the years of my membership.

After several short talks were given on the founding and functioning of the club, the time arrived for the present president to introduce the seven half-century members. The first six introductions meant nothing to me, for although they were quite worthy persons and had added much to the prestige of the club, I could not recall their names ever being popular in Canada, even in the fields in which they made their achievements. However, things changed when the last introduction was made, as I heard the speaker say 'I now present to you the man we sincerely believe to be the greatest adventurer of this century gentlemen I give you Doctor Clarke Savage Junior,' the name ran a long-forgettable bell in my memory bank, I started looking for my program, which I had only glanced at up till now, and noted the name of Doctor Savage as it appeared in the list of honoured members. As I have long been an ardent reader of the old Doc Savage adventures as they appeared in the pulp fiction of the thirties and forties, and later in the reprinted paperbacks, I immediately wondered if the similarity in the names (even though spelled differently) meant anything, and started to pay close attention to the man who was now speaking in a very rich and vibrant voice from the speakers head table.

Doctor Savage was a man of above average height, possibly about six feet four or five and in the light tan business suit he was wearing at the time looked to be over two hundred pounds in weight. He stood straight as a ramrod in front of the microphone he was speaking into and at no time referred to notes, as the other speakers had done before him. I soon realized that appearances were deceiving as far as Doctor Savage was concerned, for although he had been a member of the club for over fifty years, he did not look a day over fifty as he stood before us now. His face was mature and firm, but with none of the usual signs of aging that appeared in the other six members who had preceded him in the introductory line. His hair combed straight back, was still quite thick, even though it lay close to his head. I noticed that it was of a deep coppery shade, and even though it did not appear to be "slicked down," not a hair seemed to be out of place. The skin of his face, and hands when I could see them, was also of a coppery hue. I made me think of the nickname given to the old Doc Savage of the pulp-days *The Man of Bronze*. He

filled out every inch of his clothing without a appearing overweight or muscle-bound, and as he talked his voice and even the small gestures he made added to his appearance of strength and virility. Too soon his short talk came to an end, and with a sincere "thank you" Doctor Savage informed us that he had to leave us to meet another engagement, and made his departure. But my curiosity was aroused and as soon as the dinner was ended I began circulating among other members to see if I could find out more about this so-called greatest adventurer Doctor Clarke Savage Junior.

A friend of mine volunteered to help me with my quest and introduced me to one of the other honoured members named Kenneth Robertson, a man well over eighty years, who I was told had been a friend of Doctor Savage for over fifty years. Robertson laughed heartily when I posed the question of Savage's possible connection with the great fictional pulp hero. "You know it has been nearly twenty years since I was last asked that same question" he told me, "But as it does not matter so much now, I will spare you a few moments and put your mind at ease." Kenneth Robertson continued, "Yes, Doctor Savage was the model that was used for the pulp hero in the fantastic adventures that were put out during the thirties and forties by the publishing house known as Street and Smith. A rough outline of some of his undertakings and adventures was given to the staff of S&S, and their writers developed them into novels that went over in a big way with the readers of the day. One writer in particular who took the name of Kenneth Robeson, was responsible for the development of most of the "Doc Savage" adventures in the form they were given to the public. It was decided by S&S to keep the name of the hero as close as possible to the model, so as a result the original spelling of Savage, was changed to Savage, I might say here though that Doctor Savage does not care for the title "Doc," and we who know him will never address him by that title. Doctor Savage has also been used as a model for other writers, in the fantasy or science fiction fields, and has been given several other names and titles, some not even remotely resembling his true name. Doctor Clarke Savage, is really a marvel and genius both mentally and physically, and in real life he lived out many adventures which came very close to those described in the super-adventures though, the plot is true, but the conversations had to be fictional, as only the outline and the results of the actions were given to S&S. Since the early fifties, Doctor Savage has been living in a small village in upper New York State, close to the clinic where he still works and carries on scientific research. He lives with his cousin, which appeared in several of the novels as Patricia, and a couple other friends from his days of trouble-shooting. As you perhaps noted when he was speaking this evening, he seems to have found the secret of slowing down the aging process, and indeed he has. He works on this at his clinic, and also helps several other groups throughout the country that are working in the same field of gerontology and geriatrics. He also researches in methods of reaching higher consciousness, and methods of helping humans attain their full potential both physically and mentally. During his earlier years he studied with various Masters in the Sufi, Hindu, and Chinese mystic traditions and the knowledge gained is now used in his later work in developing full consciousness.



G-8's girl friend, the Intelligence Agent R-1, being a nurse could have given him a urinal to take up with him in his Spad. We don't really think a bedpan could fit into the cockpit very easily. Maybe Battle could disguise the bedpan to even look like a third machine gun or something.

That is our Pulpsters Viewpoint for this time around.

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*Memories of the Bronze Doctor — con't from page 8*

Kenneth Robertson indicated that this was all he was going to say on the matter, and prepared to leave me at this time. However, I just had to ask one more question and blurted it out as fast as possible — "Would it be possible for me to some day meet Doctor Savidge personally, and have a few words with him, not really an interview because I would not be able to conduct one with him on the level it would need, but just the opportunity of meeting a man who fictionally has been my idol, and now, I find there is perhaps the chance of meeting the real person in the flesh?"

Robertson seemed to be pondering my question for a few moments then he answered, "Yes. Why not? Doctor Savidge is not unapproachable, but as you must realize his time is very valuable and he finds very little time for what you are suggesting, but I am sure he would give you a few minutes some time in the near future, and I know him well and spend much of my time in his company, I will ask him about it. We could meet at the next adventurers international night at the club, (in approximately three months time) and I would have an answer for you then, and if the Doctor is agreeable, we could set up a short meeting."

With this Kenneth Robertson took leave, and I also shortly returned to my hotel room to think over what I had seen and heard that eventful night, and to ponder on what I would say and do if I was really lucky enough to meet the real 'Doc Savage' in person.

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*Immobile Faces — con't from page 4*

Echamachi and replaces him. He leads Bill into trap after trap. The flight makes two overnight stops near the towns of Imam Met and Taghir. At both places there are attacks on the ground as well as the usual air battles. There is a wild series of captures and rescues of Bill, his men, and his planes. The action is fast and furious. None of Bill's men or planes receive a mortal blow. They destroy planes by the dozens. The poor, deluded Arabs are killed as fast as bugs are killed after those famous words are spoken, "Quick Henry, the FLIT!" or the modern version, "It's RAID!" In the end, the Secret Empire is routed, the caves are destroyed, and The Man of a Thousand Faces is captured.

His face is writ the  
scars of woe

COOKE

Wpms 3-20

# DOC: THE EARLY YEARS

page 10

by  
Bill Laidlaw

(CONTINUED from DSQ # 8)

Doc looked at their massive cell door. "If only I had the compounds to make thermite, we could burn our way thru to freedom," he said.

"Yeah?" Monk observed cynically, "Well, unless you have it in hidden pockets of your vest we had better come up with something else."

Doc reflected to himself that would be a rather handy idea. The weather outside was very ugly. Dark skies threatened a rainy electrical storm any minute as winds began whipping themselves into a frenzy. Something was shouted to the guard in their hallway.

"What's up?" Monk asked, as he didn't speak German.

"One of their zeppelins is in trouble. They're gathering up manpower to bring it down to safety with emergency ground crews to tow in the lines," Doc said. "In fact, I think we should offer our services."

"What?" temporal Monk exclaimed, "help the enemy with one of their infernal flying machines... oh, I get it," he grinned.

The arian prison official was skeptical but couldn't afford to turn down 6 strong men with an air machine in the balance that would cost a fortune in war-scarce Marks to replace. The giant airship had been on its way to London for a bombing raid when the storm caught up. Its powerful motors were straining toward the ground now.

Ropes were snaking wildly toward the ground from it to waiting hands below in the moisture saturated air. Its streamlined body turned toward the rising wind, the sleek machine just might make it to safety. Doc and the other five strained on ropes as a puny-looking guard eyed them with a rifle. The sky was very dark. Thunder cracked now and then.

The air seemed to be taking on a cold, electric feeling. In all the commotion nobody noticed the shot that rang out felling their guard. But Doc saw the face on board the zep that fired.

"Come on!" He shouted, "Up the ropes. We seem to have a friend aboard."

In the near darkness and hectic anchoring procedures they were unnoticed by the other sweating, straining men. Doc reached the nose hatch and swung thru the canvas opening. Shortly the others followed him in. They made their way cautiously along the catwalks amid billowing gasbags. "All this hydrogen makes me nervous," Monk confided, having used it in his laboratory.

"Relax," Doc replied, "They've never had an accident or explosion." \*

They made their way cautiously to the control room. Much of the crew had left. From their hiding place they saw a German uniformed man approaching. Monk raised a gun he had picked up from a crewman.

"Put that down dummy" Ham hissed, "Don't you know what a red hot bullet would do to hydrogen?"

"What makes you think I'd miss him?" Monk said, but lowered the handgun anyway. Doc watched the approacher, then stood up with hands raised. He did not want to get shot accidentally by his friend.

"Mr. Bond. I think you know my father!"

The man smiled and came toward them.

"It looked like you were in a tight spot. Glad to be of service. By any chance can any of you fly this thing?"

"I know these things inside and out," Doc said. "And Renny here says he is familiar with the engines. I take it you do not want to wait for the rest

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\*Note: This really is true. Even though German airships used hydrogen not one passenger was ever lost to an accident from their invention until 1932 (when a Gestapo bomb destroyed the Hindenberg), though supposedly safer helium filled US and British zepps were virtually all lost in accidents and crashes.

of the crew to return?"

"Oh, please," Andrew Bond replied, holding up a hand, "I had enough trouble subduing the Captain and ten others that were stationed on board. When should we leave?"

Doc looked out the cabin window at the storm raging outside. The zep rocked constantly, making footing difficult and dragging at anchor lines.

"It appears we are expected to stay until the storm clears, but it is only a matter of time before we are missed from our cell or the shot guard is found."

"I wouldn't worry about the latter," Monk grinned.

"Alright, take me to the Kapitän," Doc said to Bond. "Perhaps his uniform will fit me. I can speak fluent German."

Doc went and appropriated the uniform. He engaged the Captain in a limited conversation, though the latter refused to give any information. But Doc got all he needed, the man's voice and speech patterns. Doc now went to the door and, using the Captain's voice, shouted that they must leave immediately. This caused no little amount of confusion.

The wind, in a bit of luck, had died down somewhat. The zep crew began returning, and were captured as they came in out of the darkness. Cabin lights were on low. The harried ground crew undid anchor lines as Renny restarted the engines and Doc turned the gigantic creation into the wind.

"By the way," Doc shouted over the roar, "How did you happen aboard?"

"I was trying to find out if the zeps are using special guidance systems for the night raids on England," Bond replied. "His Majesty's Secret Service will have to be content with a stolen zep instead because they use none."

Doc nodded in agreement. They would have to make the English Channel crossing and land somewhere without being shot down as an enemy aircraft. He continued the ship's climb until they were above the dark clouds, the moonlight shining across the airship's glistening shape. The engines droned on, taking steady bites of night air.

It was after midnight and on the way to dawn by the time they reached the coastline. Bond fired a signal flare well out to one side, watching it float to earth. Shortly lights came on below. Dozens of army trucks turned toward each other in a field, forming a makeshift landing strip.

"We're going down," he announced, "Everyone to their positions."

They had let some of the crew go for the landing, just the ones Doc trusted would prefer landing to deliberately wrecking the dirigible.

On the ground, a ground-crew was quickly assembled. The officer in charge barked orders as the machine above them floated continuously closer. Ropes came snaking downward from it for the second time in one night. Eager hands grabbed them, pulling the airship into a perfect landing.

The lights promptly went out, in accordance with black-out procedure. Bond squinted out the open door in the moonlight.

"Well done, your country is proud of you. And now, will somebody help me to the ground? I've had quite enough flying for a while."

"Yes, I am sure our country is proud of us," a voice said, as a hand helped Bond out to the ground.

"Who are you?" Bond asked. "Where's General Arnold?"

"You might say I am his replacement," the voice said.

Doc and the other five had jumped out to the ground by now. Monk produced a flashlight which he managed to shine on everyone and everything in a space of seconds. Ham finally grabbed it from him.

"Don't you know what blackout means, you hairy ape?"

"May I see that torch?" Bond asked. Ham handed the light to him.

"I suppose it will be alright, go ahead if you must see me," the voice said. "We were afraid you would not make it. The weather reports from Germany had us worried. Our invasion tonight would have been much more difficult with out the air machine. You have done us a great service."

Bond couldn't take his eyes from the man's medal, a German Iron Cross....

# SHADOWPLAY

page 12

MOVIE REVIEWS by Bill Laidlaw

This summer has been a big one for movies. Aside from the following three movies reviewed in depth, there was ANNIE, in which the play of the same name is brought to big screen. I am not big on musicals (my favorite version of Sound of Music would be one with all the songs cut out), so I was surprised that I liked ANNIE. It starts out with the little orphan in a ghastly institution with other children. She is adopted for the weekend by a billionaire named Warbucks who eventually decided to make it permanent. They go to Washington to visit President Roosevelt in Warbucks's personal gyro-copter. Later Annie is kidnapped by 3 sleazy individuals (one of whom is trying to throw her to her death from a drawbridge). Warbucks, being the richest man in New York, if not the world, orders out the NYPD and the FBI to search for her while he and his assistant search from his special-license-plate-equipped car NYC-1 and the gyrocopter.

MEGAFORCE is not worth mentioning. I have not seen CONAN so in addition to the review by Daniel Gobbett (who liked it), are the following comments from Allyson M Dyar in Comlink: "Let me put it to you this way, I've seen films of concentration camps in which I only closed my eyes once, I can't even recount the times that I wasn't looking at the screen because of all the violence and other disgusting stuff..." And she likes the Doc-type books by Farmer, so this film must really be gruesome. Of course if you like that sort of thing there is also Saturday The 14th in which people kill each other for no particular reason.

Nobody sent in reviews of Swamp Thing, Tron, E.T., Poltergeist (which the psychic advisor for the film says is pure hyped fiction), or Firefox, Junkman, etc. etc. Star Wars has been re-re-released for the third time partly so Lucas can show his contempt for the tv deal that was slipped by him for later this year. Speaking of tv, the best of the coming month looks to be NIGHTRIDER on NBC September 26. It is about a young man who is mortally wounded (i.e. Killed) and an eccentric millionaire hires the best doctors to save him, and in gratitude the young man takes up a one-man battle against crime with the help of the newest technology the millionaire can get, including a car with its own super-computer brain and personality (remember how Trigger would come and save Roy?).

The Martian Chronicles makes its second appearance in September. Not even Ray Bradbury thinks it's worth viewing (I agree). Ignore this badly scripted and ineptly directed tv-movie and read the excellent book instead.

There is a new Batman movie in the planning or writing stage. No one seems to know anything and no one has yet contacted Adam West. If it is going to be another film like the Clayton Moore-less Lone Ranger I would rather stay home.

THE SHADOW MOVIE is coming along, according to Paul Bonner, Jr. of Conde Nast (the copyright owner). "As to the movie, there is a script, and I have read it. In the main, I like it very much, but I have a few reservations that I passed along through the pipeline to Universal for what they're worth. They handle the "invisibility" in a clever ambiguous way, and generally it's much less campy and much better than the DOC SAVAGE movie was. So far, they've asked me not to let the script out to anyone except Walter Gibson, so I can't go beyond what I've told you. Thanks again and all best wishes."

There is big news for James Bond fans. Sean Connery is making his return as the star of the next Bond film. Roger Moore will be making a separate Bond film at about the same time (and he indicates it may be his last) so there may be two Bond films out in the next year or two! The realistic new TARZAN movie is also making progress, with a worldwide talent search for a proper Jane (not Bo). And a sad note; on July 23rd in the final scene of Spielberg's new movie THE TWILIGHT ZONE (based on the tv series) a military helicopter crashed killing actor Vic Morrow and 2 Vietnamese children he was holding. For more on Vic Morrow send \$2 for the latest issue of THE TV COLLECTOR from Box 301, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406 (not my publication, I'm just helping them out).

There are no less than 37 new movies out this summer as of July 30, so following are extensive reviews of 3 (at a page each that's all there's room).

## THE WRATH OF KHAN movie review by Bill Laidlaw

Executive Producer Gene Roddenbury. Special Effects by LUCASFILM LTD Kenneth Robeson described Morning Breeze as cold, and total evil. He felt threatened as long as Doc Savage remained alive. This was not the wishy-washy overweight indian portrayed in the 1975 Man of Bronze movie.

But this is the man portrayed by Ricardo Montalban in WRATH. In fact the whole movie could have been written by Robeson. Mind control, intrigue, death traps, and John Sunlight's calculating evil genius. This movie is based on the Star Trek episode Space Seed in which Khan was defeated by Kirk and marooned with his gang. Captain Kirk is now Admiral Kirk and it is 15 years later.

As the movie opens one of Kirk's former aids is scouting a supposedly uninhabited planet when he is captured by Khan. The villain even looks evil. From long stringy hair to his barbarian type leather clothing. His wife has died and he blames it on Kirk. The former aid (Chekov, now with a new ship and captain) refuses to tell him where Kirk is even when Khan lifts him up with one hand. Finally Khan resorts to...methods...which control their minds and force them to do whatever Khan tells them.

Meanwhile Kirk and company are about to take the USS Enterprise on a training mission with Starfleet cadets when he gets an urgent call from a remote outpost. Someone is trying to get Project Genesis from them, a machine that can creat new life on dead planets, but could also be used to instantly wipe out all life on Earth. Kirk and the ENTERPRISE come to help. They are attacked by Khan who has acquired a starship, and almost destroyed, with Khan breaking off long enough to tell Kirk, "I just wanted you to know who" kills you. At the last moment Kirk manages to escape the first death trap and turn the tables. He then goes aboard the now-abandoned space station outpost, where they find Khan has tortured everyone to death, except Kirk's former aid and his superior. They all transport themselves to the planet where Genesis was being tested and find the project's founder and her son, who is also Kirk's son. She and Kirk have a little talk. Then Kirk's former aid and his captain contact Khan, who unknown to Kirk still control their minds. Khan steals Genesis and leaves Kirk to eventually die marooned in space.

ENTERPRISE Captain Spock, like Doc Savage, does not lie, but he does bend the truth. He tricks Khan into thinking the ship is helpless by his wording. Instead they rescue Kirk from the second deathtrap (to great applause of the audience) and head for a nebula (cloud in space) to even the odds and hide from Khan's more powerful starship in a deadly game of cat and mouse. The look on Khan's morning breeze face of total rage is exactly as Robeson described it in 1932. He is determined to kill Kirk no matter what. His ship is left powerless by Kirk so as one last desperate act he sets Genesis to explode to destroy Kirk along with himself and both disabled ships.

The only way they can escape this death trap is if someone goes into the radioactive containment room to get the main engines back on line. Spock takes on the task unannounced. Barred entry into the deadly room, Spock uses his neck nerve pinch. He gets in, fixes things, they get away just in time, and he dies. Spock's closed coffin is left on a new planet where life is just beginning thanks to the Genesis machine.

So Spock is finally dead. Or is he? Leonard Nimoy said on a California tv interview he will be in the 3rd Star Trek movie so...

Oh yes, the answer to the question of page 3; all of them were on the tv series Bonanza before going on to Star Trek.

Anyway, THE WRATH OF KHAN has set an all-time world record for most income in a first weekend, \$14,000,000. More than any other movie including Star Wars.

Speaking of space, Robert Hayes and Julie Hagerty will recreate their roles from Airport in a new sequel, AIRPORT II involving the first Space Shuttle

passenger flight. Expect a tv-movie soon that sounds similar in plot...

Someone wrote a letter a while back asking why there is a swishing noise in space as spaceships fly by on the movie screen. A cynic might say it's because it makes films more exciting. But my own hypothesis is that it is because of the great speed. While it is true there is no normal atmosphere in space to carry soundwaves at currently "slow" NASA speeds, there are hydrogen atoms spread far apart thru-out the galaxy and at speeds in excess of the speed of light, these atoms are smashed together in the ship's wake causing instant fusion which results in sound-light waves, like a jet airplane creates a sonic boom.

#### DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID movie review by Bill Laidlaw

I went expecting to see the usual Steve Martin madcap comedy. Instead, I was pleasantly surprised. Though a take-off on hardboiled detective films like Sam Spade, the movie almost always stays in character. Even original 1930s and 1940s movie sets were located and used in filming. In an excellent example of film editing the costar is Humphrey Bogart, who does legwork for Martin and is frequently seen calling in reports. Martin plays hardboiled detective Rigby Reardon. A young woman comes in. She faints and Rigby does a bit of raunchy humor. She then tells him her scientist relative has been murdered.

They eventually find a list of names titles the Enemies of... on a torn piece of money. He naturally assumes these names are enemies of some person. They are being murdered one by one. But Bogart discovers that it is not a person but is instead...(no, I'd better not spoil it). James Cagney, in prison, gives him another clue. Rigby manages to talk to many stars via old movie clips, like Fred MacMurray (Double Indemnity), Barbara Stanwyck (Sorry Wrong Number), Alan Ladd, Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Burt Lancaster, etc. Cary Grant is downright nasty in his role (from Suspicion).

In a take-off on the way detective heroes are always shot in the shoulder, Martin is early on shot in the left shoulder. The bullet is removed and a bandaide(!) put on the wound. Later on in the film our hero is shot in the same place (exactly), and remarks grimly, "This'll never heal."

Eventually Rigby ends up going to South America, where a Fat Man warns him to go away. Vincent Price even tries to murder him later. Anyway he uncovers a bunch of top Nazi German baddies (this is set in the late 1940s) who plan to destroy the United States with biological warfare using cheese cultures the murdered scientist had been experimenting with.

Edith Head was costume designer for all the old movies this film has clips from, and also for this film. She died shortly after filming and the picture is dedicated to her at the end. As we go to press, word comes that Ingrid Bergman has also passed on. She appears in a clip and more recently played the award-winning role of Golda Meir in a tv-movie.

#### SOME THOUGHTS ON CONAN — THE MOVIE

BY DANIEL GOBBETT

Bill's request for a "review" of "Conan the Barbarian," came only a few days after I had written him on other matters and DSQ in general. He had liked my short article on 'Conan' and his creator, Robert E. Howard. Bill wanted my thoughts on this--the first film to portray Howard's famous hero of pulp fiction and comic-book fame.

This request came a few days ago, and still I find myself delaying the "task"; not due to lack of interest in either the subject matter or the film itself, but, over my mixed feelings about the "total" film.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON CONAN — THE MOVIE (continued)

Let's start with what I liked about the film, I found it to be an excellent fantasy adventure, colorful, well-filmed, for the most part, adequately acted (one must remember this is not Shakespeare we are talking about here--though any such effort can suffer from poor performances). What is there not to like?

I think that the main flaw I found in the film, if it is indeed a major one at all, is that it tried to do "too much." By this, I mean it tries to cover too much ground in one setting.

Now I can understand Director John Milius' need to set the "stage" with background on Conan's early life and found this to be an enjoyable, well-handled part of the film. I also feel that the latter part of the film suffered due to the fairly long "introduction" passage.

Most notable, to myself, was the lack of proper development of James Earl Jones' "Thulsa Doom" character. Jones, an excellent actor, does not have the needed time on screen to do much in the way of being a masterful menace. For the most part, he comes off as a second-rate "Jim Jones type-cultist," with little of the true villain qualities of Howard's "vile master-sorcerer of the Set." Maybe, this is "picking the nit" but it lessens the film's impact for me.

Other major characters of the film fared better. Arnold Schwarzenegger as "Conan" was a dream come true for fans of REH's gutsy hero. He was born to play the role and does an excellent job in a very demanding physical and "state-of-mind" (barbarian that is) role ((His weight was drastically effected by the role)); as do his two partners in crime, Sandahl Bergman as "Valeria" and Gerry Lopez as "Subotai," Conan's "Gray Mouser-like" friend.

In general the film's many fine points outweigh the minor (if nagging) poor ones. I found the film to be in the best rousing spirit of REH (if not the author's own words) and would recommend it for what it is--a fine fantasy adventure film.

As to the violence and sex within the film ((there is an orgie scene)), I will leave that to the comments of others, suffice it to say the tales are set in barbaric times. This being a picture of such times, if the action offends you, best see another film.

I think that Director Milius and cast have given us a fine view of how a real "swords and sorcery" film can be done. Some of it works, some does not. But, considering the reworking of scripts, pressure from "backers," the task of assembling such a cast, and the tremendous production problems and even post-production problems that I know for a fact this film has had over the years, the amazing thing is that it turned out as well as it did. After all gang, we could have had another "Hercules Meets the Wizard" film here. That we did not, we have Milius, Pressman, Schwarzenegger and company to thank.

## ADDITIONAL COMMENTS BY DANIEL GOBBETT

I did enjoy the film, not 100%, but, an interesting effort. Comments always welcome, I may be too "close" to REH's work to really be objective. Still have yet to see Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid, but plan to! Saw "E.T." and "Poltergeist," both excellent films, strangely alike, on different levels. See them! Spielberg's stamp on both.

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"Remember, no human condition is ever permanent; then you will not be overjoyed in good fortune nor too sorrowful in misfortune" Socrates

"If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there"

Henry Kissinger

## PUBLICATIONS REVIEWS, by Bill Laidlaw

ECHOES #1 by Tom Johnson came out in late July despite a tornado that rampaged around near it's editor's house (the preceding Special Issue contained an excellent article by Tom's wife Ginger on the 7 who make up Pulpsters Inc. She is listed as Editor and Tom as Publisher). The commanding Shadow cover is by Hamilton. Unlike DSQ, it is even published on pulp magazine paper. Link Hullar looks at how Doc was popular both in the uncertain 1930s and the explosive 1960s. Robert Sampson & Nick Carr continue their pulp column (their last together), plus Nick has a great article on the Operator 5 continuing villain. Will Murray writes of one of his favorite pulp characters, the Phantom. Sampson writes of a short story pulp character that ran 1926-35. Rex Ward uncovers pulp hero The Black Bat (ran 13 years from 1939, cover printed). Nick Carr drops his Spider Notes from his notebook. And Tom Johnson finishes with a page of paperback reviews. All in all it is well well worth the price! 8½ x 11 inch, 40 pages, \$1.75 from Fading Shadows, Rt 1 Box 169, Knox City TX 79529

DUENDE #2 was put out a while back by Will Murray but the info in it is not dated. In fact his fine article on the many authors who wrote Doc Savage novels is more researched and complete than the recently re-released Farmer book Apocalyptic Life (Farmer added about 4 new paragraphs to it at most), Will includes a list of all 182 Doc stories showing real authors. Also included are illos by Hamilton & no less than 14 Doc pulp covers (one is Up From Earth's Center). There is also a photo of Murray & Hamilton. 8½ x 11 inch, 50 pages including cardstock cover, \$2.75 postpaid from Odyssey Pubs, Inc., P O Box G-148, Greenwood MA 01880

SHEENA, LORD OF THE JUNGLE is the latest pulp fiction reprint from Attic Revivals Press (their third). It features SWORD OF GIMSHAI which originally appeared in the Spring 1954 JUNGLE STORIES. Sheena is a female version of Tarzan. She first appeared in 1937 & lasted to 1954, plus a tv series 1955-56, and a movie now being written by David Newman (who did the Superman movie). In this story she escapes from an enemy tribe of killers by running from branch to branch in trees high above ground, is discovered by a white man (they save each other's lives along the way), and falls in love (No, she says she cannot marry, but must stay to uphold law & order in the jungle). There are pulp illos, photos from her movies, and a short review by Drew of the series of pulps. 8½ x 11, 16 pages, \$3 postpaid from Bernard A Drew, 53 Gilmore Ave., Great Barrington, MA 01230

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS QUARTERLY will first come out September 1 (ERB's birthday). Its publisher sent me Library Review #30 (which he has put out for the last 8 years) which he says is similar, so following is the review of it:

On the cardstock cover is a photo of young ERB, with the back cover being an illo by Frazetta for A Fighting Man of Mars. The book is mainly on ERB, who lived 1875-1950, tracing his writing from 1912. Photos & illos include the 1st page of his first published story (1912), the 1914 TARZAN book cover (used in the DSQ at this issue), a glossy color repro of Tarzan's 1912 appearance fighting a lion for The All-Story magazine cover, a 1912 photo of ERB, plus many others. Even covers of ERB editions as they appeared in foreign editions - French, Swedish, German, Greek, etc. Photos of some Tarzan movie stars (quick, who's Elmo Lincoln?). A second article called Bibliographer's Corner is about all the things ERB wrote & related subjects (ERB artists, movies). Did you know for example there was a forgettable 1934 film "Schnarzan" starring Jimmy Durante as the Jungle Lord? There were other unauthorized films made in China, Russia, Turkey, India, Jamaica, France, Italy, even the Czecks (most were sued) There are 22 ERB stories which have not been published anywhere yet, the ERB Quarterly may be the world premier of some... Cardstock cover, 8½ x 11, first issue September 1 (see their ad this issue)



The following might have appeared in Bronze Shadows had it continued in 1964. It is seeing print for the first time in Doc Savage Quarterly.

Prologue: Old Hawaii existed for a thousand years. A bloody war united the islands into a common empire. Surrounded by the emptiness of ocean, the empire had nothing to fear from external attackers. But like an apple it began rotting from within. The Kahuna, who had used their psychic powers to help and heal were more and more often seduced into using it for political power. Human life became cheap and they exploited pagan religions by enforcing "Kapus", or legal/moral restrictions which gave them power second only to the chiefs. In 1820 both the good Kahuna and the evil Kahuna were outlawed by royal decree against all pagan religion. In 1893 the Queen of Hawaii tried to increase the power of the monarchy but lost a revolution led by outsiders. Now it is 1963. A new and terrifyingly powerful Kahuna is beginning to spread his influence. From the Hawaiian island he now virtually owns, he has generals and advisers in many of the world's nations. But there are pockets of resistance to his domination and forced labor, even in Hawaii....

Surrounded by water, Molokai Island was invitingly close, its sand dunes glowing in the rising sun. The sun also reflected off a small seagoing yacht. It was running at full speed yet turning from side to side in its course. Streaks of red-orange death in the form of tracer bullets and lead shot past, occasionally finding their target. A small deck gun on the yacht returned fire as best it could, seen by its blue tracer bullets stream in the retreating darkness as dawn slowly took the place of stars yet seen in the sky. It was hopelessly outgunned.

The rudder became a bulletridden lump of metal and fell off. The chase was coming to an end. A vessel the size of the Coast Guard's largest chase ships was catching up, and its big guns were having an effect on the yacht. The ship came up to the yacht, then started opening a huge double door at the point of its bow like the submarine mother ships of the 1930s.

Inside the yacht a tall, very well dressed man had been thrown about in the hallway he was struggling to keep his footing in. Near him was a short man on even shorter legs, with which he was riding out the explosions rocking the yacht better than his taller friend.

"Ham" and "Monk", as they had been known to millions of Doc Savage fans since 1933. They had stumbled across something terrible going on in Hawaii and now it might cost them their lives. Monk had lost his voice and communicated with Ham by using morse code-like different whistling sounds.

"There, did you hear that?" Ham asked, "the engine stopped. Now what will we do?" He rubbed a bump developing on his head where it hit the wall.

"This is madness, we can't hope to get away. Now they'll destroy us for certain." Monk said nothing. He was listening. Then he whistled something.

"Of course they had to shut off the engine this close to shore with the rudder gone. But surely we're not going to just surrender."

Bronze skinned Hawaiians ran past, down the corridor with rifles in hand. Monk cocked his head again, listening.

"What is it," Ham asked, knowing that Monk's years of experience with his chemicals and experiments had heightened his senses. Then Ham heard it. The huge chase ship was passing over the smaller yacht, swallowing it whole. Hatches were secured and portholes covered over from the inside. An explosion was heard, the outer door being blown away. The bronze rebels steadied themselves. The thick wooden inner door disappeared at the edges under withering machine gun fire.

The door caved in. Immediately attackers aimed rifles and fired pencil-thin red beams of light, followed by machine gun fire. The laser aimed bullets found their mark in the outnumbered resistance. Monk and Ham, unarmed, continued down the corridor.

"This is all your fault!" Ham said. "I should have known better than let you pick this part of the world to vacation in."

Monk whistled something back angrily while trying to put out an electrical fire that had started in the hallway.

"Oh really? Well the same to you multiplied, short and ugly!"

A door slammed open. Monk and Ham looked into the main hallway from their narrow corridor. A man dressed entirely in black including a German style helmet strode past. Ham looked back to his side, he was alone.

"Monk, where are you?" he called anxiously. The smoke cleared slightly and he saw Monk at the other end of the small passageway, listening to a bronze-skinned young woman, the one who had been using this yacht. By the time Ham reached Monk he was alone.

"Now what do we do? They won't believe we're not rebels... Where are you going now?"

Monk only hurried faster. Ham followed, assuming Monk knew what he was doing. Ham would never admit it but he probably trusted Monk more than anyone else in the world. The two went lower and lower, ending up in the airtight room at the lowest part of the vessel. It was airtight because the trap door that allowed a two-man submarine to enter and exit was in it.

Three crewmen were piling several full oil drums beside the sub on the trapdoor. Monk gestured Ham to get into the sub with him. Meanwhile up above a helmet protected soldier turned to the man in black from a two-way radio.

"Main sonar reports several metallic objects ejected just before capture. However there was no engine noise and all simply settled on the sand 1,000 feet down. Evidently an attempt to trick us into wasting time depth-charging, which we did not do."

The man nodded. On the ocean floor Monk and Ham waited, barely daring to breath. Eventually the ship above left.

"Why do I get the feeling I'll regret this?" Ham said. Monk grinned.

The sub reached sand not unlike the Saudi Arabian geology near Jeddah where Monk purchased his pet pig. (Jeddah is the Biblical burial place of Eve). Monk and Ham began climbing dunes toward what Ham hoped was a town of some kind. Monk looked around and changed course somewhat.

"Where are you going?" Ham asked. Monk answered.

"What mission?" Ham retorted, "You're going to get us lost. I'm heading this direction."

Back on the ship the man in black ordered the yacht sunk.

"It cost a rebel his fragile life to tell us of the small submarine, the least we can do is eliminate whoever took it. We cannot take the chance of any information reaching the United Nations general assembly. See to it personally Commander."

Ham said as he crested a dune under the hot sun, "What a God-forsaken place this is." Ham looked in the direction Monk had taken. "You miss-shapen primate! You probably tricked me into going in this direction!"

Monk was not doing any better. Then he stopped. He could hear... an engine sound! Then he saw it. Some kind of metal monster, but man-made and welcome. The thing came around a sand dune in his direction. It appeared to be an old WW2 tank with the armor and turret removed, replaced by an old double deck bus body 35 feet long by 20 high with all the side windows covered over against the hot sun. The thing clanked to a stop. A few island natives from a remote tribe got out. Monk could not understand their language and could not

reply even if he did. They gestured him to a rear door. He got in and heard the door locked behind him.

"Monk! I was afraid something terrible had happened to you!" Ham said excitedly, then added coldly, "Would have served you right."

Monk looked around. The place was full of drift wood, shells and coral, evidently stuff the scavengers sold to the tourist industry. The vehicle eventually stopped and the two were allowed out. Ham went to a man who stared up at him.

"We...must...call...Doc...Savage...in...New...York." Ham said in that foolish way tourists have of shouting when they don't know another's language.

"Then why not use a telephone?" the man answered back in English.

Monk whistled something that sounded unmistakably like laughing.

Doc Savage slowly eased his streamlined low-slung car out into traffic of New York. His mouth was grim. A few wrinkles etched his face, giving it character. One would guess his age at 49, and be short a decade. Muscles rippled as he turned the corner.

Doc turned at Fifth Avenue. He could not help glancing at the thirty year old skyscraper dominating the skyline with its massive mooring mast/tv antennae. The car radio was on the all news station.

"November 23, 1963. President Johnson said today he would continue those policies started by President Kennedy including the sending of military advisers to Vietnam. In a related story, the Dallas district attorney said Lee Harvey Oswald should get life in prison, if not a death penalty."

Doc passed the towering building. His meeting was with a man near the United Nations building. This could be one of his toughest cases and none of his old or new aids were available. The Deputy Assistant to the Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs was waiting.

"It's what you were afraid of Dr. Savage. There was a connection between the President Of Vietnam's assassination three weeks ago and the assassination in Dallas yesterday. The bullets matched exactly, and they did not come from Oswald's gun. There is no way to tell if he knew of the second gun or if he was a patsy. Even with the best credentials we could not get him for you to talk to until tomorrow at the earliest."

Doc said two words in a grim monotone. "The gun?"

"Nothing unique about it, I'm afraid. Soviet make, the type most often used in the Korean Conflict."

"Then if it is an international plot that lets the USSR out. They would have used their newest; most accurate weapon. Not a ten year old make. Or perhaps that is what they hope we will think. Put extra guards on Oswald."

"You think they might kill their own man?"

"It has happened to me in more cases than I care to think about."

The two men talked for another half hour and then parted. Doc returned to his car. He was considering everything that was said. Someone already knew he was involved and had told the defense attorney of his hypnotic gold flecked eyes. The defense attorney had effectively blocked Doc from seeing him at least until after the hearing tomorrow.

Doc headed for his New York apartment complex. Somehow, in a way his aids could never fathom, he could tune out the world and sleep no matter what. He did so now.

When the sun came up throwing its golden rays across the harbor, Doc had already been up almost two hours. He was finishing with a daily exercise program tiring just to look at. Both feet had been "asleep" when he got up and it didn't seem to go away. By the time he got to his lab the strange paralysis had reached his knees. If he didn't know better, it would seem to be a little

known malady once used by "Bad Kahuna" (a Hawaiian version of African voodoo outlawed by US missionaries in the 1800s). An antidote would be impossible without deep concentration, almost trance-like. It took an hour to reach.

By then the parallisis was almost to his waist, necessitating crutches. It took until much later in the day before he had recovered and by then it was too late. Oswald would not be talking to anyone.

Forty years ago Doc had been taught Hawaiian customs and beliefs by a then- relatively young "Maikai" or "Good" Kahuna. They had stayed in touch over the years and he might be an important part of this. He then got a phone call from Monk and Ham. After a few minutes it was clear that an immediate trip was urgent to the future of the world.

Within hours Doc was walking thru dense jungle like growth on Molokai after crash landing his speedplane in a swamp. This was the old part of Hawaii, far from civilization. Doc had shrunk an inch or so in forty years but he still towered above the other man, who wore as clothing the simple "malo" made of Kapa (pounded tree bark). "Laulau" was steaming nearby (fresh fish wrapped in "ti" leaves along with chopped "taro" leaves). A small drum called a "puniu" stood in the corner.

"You have done well Clark. Evil sometimes seems to conquer good, but never for long. I am proud of what you have accomplished since you came to me so long ago as a "haole" impatient youngster."

"You were a good instructor, Kane Opae." Doc had coined that nickname for the man, meaning "small man" in Hawaiian, years ago when he was living in Hawaii for his studies.

"I thank you. The malady you told me of came from these islands of coarse. There was a friend of your father who I also know, a Kahuna. But I had not heard from him for many years. There was a rumor that he had turned to the black side, and more recently he proved it by his actions. Men dressed in green uniforms came to the Round Beach area. They brought machine guns and terrible poison gas. When they left most of the village was dead. The island owner had left the whole area to the black Kahuna in his will. Now we call it the Land of Many Eyes because of all the guards and television cameras in the trees. I believe that which you seek is inside.

"The daughter of the murdered chief was captured according to your two men. She was trying to reach me to help in the fight. I know how you feel about exposing a "wahine" to danger but this is different. I promised I would help avenge her father's death and she has been taught the warrior's ways."

"I will find her."

"I knew you would. Now, do you remember what I told you about the Huna Death Stick?"

"Yes, but it has been many years."

"The Death Stick has been one of the Hawaiian dark arts for centuries. The rest of us had no use for it, being used only for killing, so it is "kapu." (forbidden). That is why I did not teach you how to construct it. You can see the body aura?"

"Yes. It was an aid to me when I was doing research with Kirlian photography of missing fingers in hopes of finding a way they can be regenerated."

"Good. Look at this. It is a Japanese fighting sword I have prepared for you as a Death Stick." The old teacher Kane Opae held a wooden sword.

Doc looked at the sword. He could not help seeing the aura around it, glowing pure white so brightly he could not see the sword itself. Yet to one untrained the aura was as invisible as that around all living organisms.

"It took me a long time to put so much of my body energy into it. If it is touched anywhere except the handle it will kill instantly. You will need it because there are metal detecting machines everywhere there that would zero in

on a gun or knife. The man you seek probably has a similar instrument. You can defend yourself?"

"I am a world class competitor at fencing, and not too bad with swords and a sabor."

"You always understate. You are probably a champion"

Doc said nothing in reply.

"The man you seek is named Dirk Nader, a name he took when he went from our world to yours. Her name is the Princess Flowery Garland of Round Beach, as it is translated."

"I will rescue Princess Lei."

Doc made preparations to leave that night. He scouted the edge of the area they must enter. It was impenetratable. Invisible infrared beams of light could be seen crisscrossing everywhere thru Doc's goggles. The next day he went to a "pali" or cliff, overlooking the beach. A large cabin cruiser came to a stream feeding into the sea. Shortly sounds of unloading came to Doc's acute ears. Evidently a hidden dock. He memorized the boat as it left. He planned to trace it thru the Coast Guard computer but it wasn't necessary. He saw the boat in his first sweep of Oahu Island's main harbor. The battleship Arizona could barely be seen, resting as it was on the harbor bottom since 1941.

Doc watched as the mystery boat tied up, then made his way to it. There seemed only one man aboard. Doc followed him to a waterfront bar where one might see men of ships from almost anywhere. Doc walked up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Would you come with me please? It's about your ship."

The man followed Doc outside, then jumped him. It was a quick fight. Doc helped him to his feet.

"You really know your stuff. You could have beaten me to a pulp. But you didn't."

"No," replied Doc.

"I owe a lot of money in California so there's a lot of hunters around with their eye on the bounty offered on me. I could use a guy like you."

"I don't need a job. What is your business with Dirk Nader."

"Who?"

"The place you visited this afternoon with cargo."

"Just who are you? Coast Guard?"

"As a matter of fact, I am in the Coast Guard reserve."

"Dammit. I knew there was something funny going on there. They told me it was a government thing. But the government doesn't hire smugglers."

"You are a smuggler?"

"The best. Why, once I got a hold-full of refugees out of Seoul when the Communists had the whole area around it locked up."

"What do you deliver now?"

"Beats hell out of me. Crates of something and if I see anybody suspicious orders are to dump it."

"I have a job for you to do for your country."

"I got no country. What I have is lots of bills."

"\$10,000 in cash. 5000 now and 5000 after."

"I'm interested. What's the cargo?"

"Just myself and a couple of others."

"Where to?"

"The same place you were this afternoon. Just empty a crate for us and change your manifest to reflect the weight difference."

"I don't like it. But like I said, I got bills to pay."

Doc went back to his starting point. The old teacher Kane Opae was waiting. He smiled briefly in a warm, world-weary way.

"Why has not Dirk come here, to you?" Doc said.

The man stood slowly. "Because he does not know where I am, and does not think I am important. If he knew the remnants of Lei's people were living in my compound he would send his men here, I assure you. Some of them have served with the United States military and they would be a serious threat to his evil quest for power. They returned home from throughout the world when we contacted them about what had happened."

"I have hired a boat. Are you ready to leave?"

He said he was. Doc and his aides left for the harbor. They met the guide.

"They call me 'Hands' Mono. If you're ready we can leave anytime."

"We should leave as soon as possible. You have the cargo loaded?" Doc said.

"It's all down there. I pried off the lid of a big crate. Some kind of electronic gizmo."

Doc went down to see. It was a backup target computer as near as he could make it. Certainly nothing an honest citizen should have. Doc sunk it in the harbor. The four of them rode with 'Hands' in the cabin.

"What is that?" Hands said, pointing to the sword in Doc's belt sheath.

"It is a sword. Its mere touch is death. They would detect guns."

"Pretty smooth. Just get it strait. If anything goes wrong, i'm gone."

"Nice to know we can depend on you," said Ham coldly.

Hands just shifted his cigar and grinned.

"Be there in ten minutes folks."

Doc and the others went below. Hands guided the boat in. It was unloaded and Hands went below to await the return cargo loading. Doc peered out of the crate on the dark warehouse pallet. He started to explore. Just then the lights blazed on. A surprised guard pushed the alarm. Doc had not allowed the others out until he was sure it was safe, so he was the only one seen. He was taken to what had been the chief's house. It had been a gift from the US Army.

"I was afraid we would meet Doc Savage," the man said.

He was dressed all in black, even gloves. Doc noticed that all the guards had old style Soviet rifles.

"Is that the only one-color clothing ensemble you have?"

"Take him away. I wish to continue asking the charming princess how much her people know and where they are based."

Doc was dragged away by four burly men. His sword was still on Hands' boat. Doc was put into a walled-in room with no windows built in some kind of underground complex. The door was wood. Three inches thick. Doc tested it. Too solid. When the guard came to lead Doc away possibly to test his bullet resistance, he was ready. To no avail. He was led above.

"You have gotten around. Princess Lei tells me we have a mutual friend right here on the island. Regretfully she could not seem to remember where. Perhaps you can save her from more...extensive...methods."

Doc said nothing. "I suppose that old fool told you how I helped Morning Breeze."

Doc was visibly shaken for one of the few times in his life.

"I see he didn't. Well, I guess he still keeps a few secrets. I was just a young man then. Still fairly innocent. Men from New York hired me to help throw some hocus-pocus at Morning Breeze and make him think they were sent from Heaven. We could have owned the whole tribe body and soul as well as their billions in gold, if it were not for the Kahuna inner circle who hunted me down like an animal." The man made a fist as if crushing the thought.

"And you. You made it impossible for us to gain access to the gold. The men I worked for were fools. It took me ten years, ten long years, to find another treasure as large and to destroy the Kahunas that hounded me. By then I had a plan. To again unite Europe into a single government with myself as its

leader. Then it would be easy to defeat the rest of the world. Those fools Hitler and Mussolini were not difficult to use for my purposes. But one allowed his own nation to defeat him, and the other went insane. By the end of that war I could see that neither the US or the USSR would ever join or be dominated by a world government. My agents tried to start a confrontation between the two over the division of Berlin. We tried in Korea. Had that worked we would have at least had the added advantage of controlling the world tungsten supply in South Korea and raising its price ten-fold. But Russia refused to send in its own military. Then a year ago nuclear war between the US and Russia over missiles in Cuba was so close I could taste it. But that man Kennedy avoided war somehow.

"Then a few months ago he actually signed a nuclear test ban treaty with Russia. So I had Kennedy eliminated. Now I am faced with what to do with you. I consider you one of the best trained minds alive and cannot bring myself to destroy it. I have told you all this to show how, over the many long years, you have failed to destroy me. The closest you ever came was when you captured my right-hand man General Jonas Sown."

He waited.

"What is your choice Doc Savage? Death, or to rule the world with me?"

"Why did you kill the President of Vietnam?"

"I can see you are not yet convinced. Alright. I am trying to get another war started and it is not going quickly enough. The US is close now to sending in everything they have to Vietnam. If Russia does so also perhaps I can yet see them destroyed in nuclear war, leaving Eurasia to me. Whether or not there is life on other planets there will eventually be Earth colonies which I can dominate as labor for mining the undreamed of riches in space. You play by the rules, Doc Savage, I do not. Therefore you can never defeat me. I am too powerful. Now, I demand your decision."

"I will not help you."

"Guards! Take him away...Now!"

Doc was hauled roughly toward his cell. How he escaped in the corridor would have surprised some people. He simply overpowered the two unarmed burly guards silently. He could not yell out for Lei without alerting the other guards. He listened but could not hear any clue to her direction. He made his way down the corridor in one of the guard's uniforms. He somehow made his way unnoticed to the dock. Hands Mono was still aboard.

"They have Lei. And they had me. It will not take long for them to figure out how we got here."

"Well let me out. I was hired to bring you, now I'm leaving."

"I will pay more money."

"Got it on you?"

"No, but surely you have read of me and know I am good for it."

"Never heard of you. And I know of anybody who is rich enough for my fee."

Doc was stymied, this rarely happened when the semi-fictional magazines wrote about him came out in the 1930s and 40s. Perhaps for all the problems it caused it might be better to tell the public again who Doc Savage is. Perhaps he should give Conde Nast the ok on that paperback reprints offer...

"Lei is a Princess."

"She's rich. She would probably reward you with more money than you can imagine."

"Don't bet on it. I can imagine a lot. Alright. I may be crazy but grab your magic saber thing and lets go."

Doc put the sword into his belt sheath. The 3 others had also found their way back to the boat. Monk and Ham were to stay and guard the boat against all odds for quick getaway. Before Doc could leave, though, a helmet clad armed guard entered the hidden dock and headed for the boat, another guard stationed

himself at the entrance to the dock. The guard walked up the gangplank boldly with orders to arrest Hands. He got as far as the door inside Hands cabin, where he was flattened by something with hairy red arms.

"I hope you did not kill him Monk," Doc said. "You know how I feel about that."

Doc put on the uniform, which aided him in getting close enough to overpower the other guard. Hands put the second uniform on.

"You two get back to the boat," Doc said to Monk and Ham, "I am going after Dirk."

Doc and they split company. Doc made his way thru the corridors. He could hear an electricity generator roaring somewhere and reflected that it sounded very powerful for the needs of a small complex. He opened the door where he was taken the first time. The man in black was alone.

"Doc Savage! The others have escaped? No matter. We will find them. You have no choice but to rule the world with me now. When my Cold Death beam fires it will destroy two major cities. I see you doubt it will work. Ah yes, the curve of the Earth. I have perfected the beam since it was used against you in 1935. Now instead of destroying a New York City block it will destroy the whole city. With enough power I could destroy entire nations. Because the beam is composed partially of solid matter and not pure light it is pulled down by gravity just enough to make long range destruction possible. After testing it by wiping out the rebel base I will destroy New York and Washington D.C.

"I told you the war in Vietnam was starting too slowly. When America is destroyed you will have nothing to return to. Rule with me. Our combined power will last forever."

Doc said nothing. He removed his sword from its sheath. Its invisible white aura shining brightly to Doc's trained eyes. Dirk removed a similar wooden fighting sword, also glowing bright. But because of Dirk's hate it was glowing red instead of pure white, he would have to make up for the deficiency with pure strength. The two warily approached each other.

"I was a Master long before that old fool taught you the basics. I have dealt with him already. You cannot win."

Doc approached closer. Dirk suddenly swung. Doc blocked it. The differing energy of the two swords reacted violently in a flash of noiseless light. Doc countered, Dirk blocked. The strange fight continued for several minutes. One touch would mean instant death for one or the other.

"You are good, Doc Savage. It is not too late. Rule with me. No one can defeat our combined knowledge."

Doc swung again. Then Doc halted, he could see this would be a stand-off until too late to stop what would touch off the most awesome confrontation the world had ever seen. He edged the fight toward a door. He turned finally and ran down the corridor. Hands had already rescued Lei.

Doc reached the dock. Hands had the engine running. Doc leaped aboard as bullets began hitting. Hands and Lei returned the fire. They eased slowly out and made for open sea.

"What a wreck this is," Ham said, looking at the rust spotted cabin.

"Don't knock it yet," the owner said, "my hobby is seeing how fast this thing will go. With my modifications there are few military ships that can keep up when I've got it going full out."

Ham looked again, his expression still showing disbelief.

Dirk's men appeared in small armored speedboats, their deck mounted machine guns spouting death in a blur of bright orange tracers.

"Hey Doc. You ever used a dual-action quad-gun? Never mind. There's nothing to it. I have two of them hidden in the cabin wall. Just follow me. We're just about out of range of those guys in back but there is a perimeter



patrol also. And they have the really big guns."

Hands pulled out the guns. They were on rollers and swung out from inside the walls, then locked in place on the roofed deck. Armor piercing shells fired at a rate of one per second from the two upper guns while the two guns below them reloaded and visa-versa. Doc swung his around to test the flexibility.

"They're coming up fast on radar," Hands shouted.

Doc could see the enemy cruisers bearing down on them. Doc and Hands began firing to opposite sides. Hands' blue tracer bullets crisscrossing with yellow ones from Dirk's ships. One of the boats on Doc's side exploded, then one on Hands' side. By then they were past the danger. Dirk's men began to give chase though.

"Hang on everyone, time for a surprise. I'm going to take this thing into hydrafoil drive." Dirk began hitting controls with blurring speed. Monk acting as copilot of the about-to-be-air-born vessel held the serpentine course. A turbine engine below deck somewhere began to whine and suddenly Hands' ship was leaving the water and the other craft behind as if they were standing still.

The ship quickly raised up onto underwater skis and shot across the water. At this speed the only war ship in the world that could catch up with them was not in Nader's hands (it is a subchaser in Canada).

"Hydrofoil drive eats up fuel like you wouldn't believe," Hands grinned.

They reached the jungle-hidden refugee camp. Lei gathered the people. She told Doc that some of the native people Nader used as forced labor had escaped and joined the rebels here. They had stolen some of Dirk's smallest fighter-bomber planes and some others which were along a large clearing airstrip. Lei told her people what Doc had found out; that the world was doomed unless they could stop it. It would take too long to get permission from Washington to bomb Dirk's stronghold so it was up to them. Doc had also been assigned an armed plane. His old teacher's words came to him.

"I know these planes have electronic targeting devices. But to hit the underground tunnel in just the correct way is beyond their capability. Nothing man has invented has surpassed the human eye and brain. You were trained by me in sensory perceptions far beyond any machine. Trust your mind, Doc, your mind."

Lei watched as Doc and the rebels left. They flew in two formations, first the dive-bombers, and then the smaller planes armed with small air-to-ground missiles. Doc was in the second group. Hands had been paid his reward and left for the open sea again, saying he couldn't pay his bills if he was killed in their useless gesture. The first group of planes came upon Nader's stronghold.

One by one they were shot down by Nader's perimeter ships below. They did manage to sink all but two though, before being themselves wiped out. Now Doc's group came quickly up, their jet exhaust leaving pale streaks in the star-studded night sky. None of them could afford to use their only two missiles on the enemy ships below and the missiles were too small anyway against armored ships. They started being picked off one by one as they approached the shoreline. Suddenly crossfire broke out below.

The two ships were being attacked from behind, their bright yellow tracer bullets standing out dramatically in the night sky against blue from the attacker.

"Alright Doc, you're all clear. Let's blow this thing and get the hell out before the shock wave hits."

Doc smiled into his helmet mike, "I thought you were leaving, Hands."

"Nobody can live forever."

Doc could see the target coming up fast as he passed over the shoreline and headed strait for Nader's city killer. The armored lid was off and elevators were lifting the device to ground level for firing in a matter of seconds. One by one the other planes fired, but their horizontal targeted missiles could not hit the small target in the vertical tunnel below. Doc could see his electronic

targeting control could never be that accurate. He put his fingers above the two manual defense missile triggers, watching visually and knowing a split second would mean success or failure. He fired!

The two small missiles arched strait down, hitting simultaneously. They made their small explosions in Nader's tunnels, rupturing the sides of the liquid fueled Cold Death ray weapon. Within seconds the explosive fuel blew up, destroying the entire complex. Doc could see the white sea foam wake of a ship below using hydrofoil drive to escape the destruction, the shockwave suddenly pushing it even faster, like a skipping stone.

As Doc and the remaining rebels headed home a small black plane was flying quickly in the opposite direction.

#### THE EMPIRE BUILDER STRIKES BACK AND FINAL REVENGE

The world of 1968 had become an ugly place. Full scale war was raging in Vietnam between the US forces in the south and the Communists in the north. Border wars and bloody battles raged in the Mid-East among Arabs and their neighbors. Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy was murdered. Doc Savage had peace project attempts failing all over the world.

Flying over the arctic island, one would see ice and snow and not much else. But deliberately buried from sight was a huge blue dome building. Near it were hidden ship and plane hangers as well as emergency living quarters for refugees from all over the world who were fighting Nader, and his ever widening empire. High above the planet a mechanical object in orbit was passing over the arctic island. Its infrared eye looking down from space had noticed warmth coming out of the ice-covered area and it changed position slightly to get a second look at the source.

Within minutes three of Nader's largest Soviet-built ships left port headed for the island, with Nader himself aboard. Instruments inside the blue dome had noticed the change in orbit and Doc Savage was spreading the alarm. Possibly it was nothing, but just in case...

Princess Lei, responsible for a number of the refugees, was coordinating the possible evacuation. Supplies were transferred quickly to the two vessels that would be used in evacuation, the Patricia II and the Seven Seas, both now modified for 80 knot hydrofoil speeds. Hands Mono's smaller vessel also stood ready. Doc's speed plane and the few other military style planes were double checked. One hundred miles to sea, Doc's automatic radar warning went off. When the unknown enemy was still 50 miles off radar picked something up even closer in the other direction, but too small to be ships and too slow for airplanes.

Coming across the solid ice were huge metal monsters similar to those described by H.G.Wells in War of the Worlds. The US military had toyed with the idea of walking vehicles for all-terrain use, but had no prototypes like these. The things were fully fifty feet high with four huge legs. If they had been any bigger they would have probably have been too heavy for the ice they were walking on. While still a few miles away they opened fire with two canons each mounted on the top front portions. Doc had not known when the place was built in 1932 that he would have to stave off an attack like this so big weapons were few.

The fighter planes took off to attack the mechanical quadrupeds. They had only to hold them off until the population could escape. The planes let out long tow-lines in hopes of entangling the things in it and tripping them. This worked with one and slowed up the other two. Doc watched as his hidden blue dome took a direct hit and collapsed, the laboratory that it had once housed had been moved to the hollow center of an extinct arctic volcano but it was still sad to see the destruction. Doc's one big canon was firing now toward the incoming ships, in the direction the rebels would take. The PATRICIA II left and quickly picked up speed to safety. Then SEVEN SEAS followed with the rest of the people.

Doc made it back after his fighter plane crashed from an indirect hit. Only Monk, Ham, Lea and Hands were left. They got aboard Hands' small fast ship, the Centurian Eagle. Nader's ships had not appeared to even attempt to chase the two rebel transports once they were safely away, so the Eagle was evidently his target.

Hands turned his craft away from the direction the others had taken. If Nader wanted to give chase, no use in leading him to the new rebel base provided by Norpen Lumber Company in northern Canada. The route Hands took was strewn with chunks of ice up to small islands size. Monk was acting copilot of the ship as it began to speed across the water almost fast enough to outrun the large pursuers. Ham looked alarmed.

"Surely you're not going to maintain this speed in iceberg territory. The possibility of our not hitting a chunk of ice at this speed is thousands to one!"

"Never tell me the odds," Hands replied.

The Eagle threaded among icebergs at breakneck speed, followed now by some of Nader's fast small pursuit boats. Monk's voice was coming back a little and he growled something at Hands when they came extremely close to a large chunk of ice. Monk's hairy arms regulated speed while Hands Mono was at the controls. An open space of water left the Eagle in danger. Before it could reach safety of more ice chunks the giant warships fired a few rounds very close. The unmistakable voice of Nader himself came to their radio speaker.

"There is no escape, we could have destroyed you just now."

Ham took the mike and replied, "Telum imbelles, sine ictu."

Nader ignored Ham's retort, adding, "You cannot run forever."

Ham was looking a little better, perhaps the near miss had reminded him of the alternative of their great speed was being captured. Of late he had begun speaking latin when in good spirits, partly to annoy Monk (who had never learned latin beyond chemical names). In fact Ham had even named his personal small pleasure boat Tempus Ludenti (Time For Play). Monk had then painted his own boat an obnoxious shade of purple, christened it "Plumb Dinghy" and moored it next to Ham's.

More open water was coming up and the three warships would never catch them in it only if they went to hydrofoil speed.

"Enough of this fooling around, watch this," Hands said, switching on the hydrofoil turbine system. Nothing happened.

"Watch what?" Lei said.

"I noticed some of the hydrofoil system wiring was burnt out this morning," Ham said. "I was about to tell you when the base was evacuated."

"Oh great! Monk, go see what you can do."

Monk left to fix the problem...

Back at what was left of the base, Doc had seen the Centurian Eagle lead Nader's ships away and now he was ready to leave himself. He climbed into his last Experimental Wing Speedplane (it was designed by him a couple of years previous. Where the tail should be he put a wing, where the wing should be he put a second, slightly smaller wing. The plane could outmaneuver and outdistance any military fighter plane in the world).

Doc could see the others were relatively safe and so set out on his own mission...

Meanwhile Hands had managed to escape the pursuers and stopped on a small island to make repairs. Monk and Ham, somewhat bored, practiced the mind to mind contact with each other they first used in the 1930s. Ham must have hurled a particularly venomous remark as Monk took off and disappeared over a snowy rock outcropping. He came back grumbling about stepping in the biggest pile of dog-dirt he'd ever seen.

"You hairy ape," Ham said, "we're thousands of miles from Central Park. How could you find the results of canine digestive processes?"

They found out. A nine-foot tall white bear weighing at least 1,400 pounds, all teeth and claws, appeared headed in their direction.

"Everyone in," Hands said. "The Centurian Eagle is ready to fly again." He didn't have to say it twice.

"It is obvious we are not following the rebels," Ham said, "just where are we headed?"

"Guy I know has an island colony in the Bering Strait. He'll hide us out for a while."

"One of your criminal associates, no doubt," said Lei.

Hands just grinned and shifted the cigar around in his mouth. It never seemed to be lit, evidently he was trying to quit smoking. Dirk Nader's three ships had followed thru the ice fields at full cruising speed, sustaining multiple damage. They now caught sight of the Eagle, letting fly with bursts of reddish tracers and canon fire.

"Hands, lets get out of here," Lei exclaimed.

Monk activated the hydrafoil system as Hands pushed the controls wide open. The Centurian Eagle shot across the water, leaving Nader's destroyers behind before pursuit craft could launch. Nader turned to the flagship's Captain who was standing beside him on the bridge.

"You are in charge now. Have the Admiral report to my quarters, then send someone for his body."

The Eagle was over the horizon and safely away when Hands went back to a more economical speed. When they began nearing his friend's island, he took the radio.

"This is Hands Mono requesting permission to dock the CENTURIAN EAGLE."

"You are clear to come ashore," a voice replied.

Hands had had to stop enroute to refuel and was afraid Nader would catch up then but now everything looked bright. The Eagle sailed gracefully toward the small outpost of rock and ice. Twenty-five miles to the right were the shores of Alaska, twenty five miles to the left, the Soviet Union.

There was an armed welcoming committee, but friendly. They were shown to guest rooms and Hands went to talk with his old friend Count Landou. Ham forgot his sword-cane and left his room to retrieve it from the Eagle. He was making his way along the hallway when he saw a soldier pass in an adjoining hall, wearing East German arctic flak clothing and helmet. Ham was captured quickly and silently in his surprise.

Monk caught a glimpse of Ham being dragged off though. He was telling Lei when Hands came in the room. "Some friend you have," she said to him.

"Probably a mistake. It has to be." Hands turned to the wall intercom.

"Landou get up here."

When Landou came in he said, "Let's go to the conference room."

When they reached it he said, "We won't be overheard in here. There's a problem?"

"Ham was taken away. By Nader's troopers."

Landou tried to smile halfway. "Hands, you have to see it from my position. I've got four hundred people here. When we finally hit oil there was some fear of Soviet annexation of the island. Nader offered me noninterference from them. If I didn't cooperate, everyone would be shipped off to Siberian work camps. I had no choice."

"Some friend, I ought to decorate this room with pieces of you." At that moment Nader's men came in. As they took everyone away Landou said quietly, "I'm sorry."

Within the hour Nader himself arrived. Landou met him.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"It is none of your affair. You made an agreement, we will keep it."

"They are friends of mine."

"You should be more careful in the selection of your friends. But you need not worry. They are only bait."

He did not illuminate his statement. An officer walked up and saluted.

"It's Moscow, Sir."

Nader went to his personal communications room, so as to not be overheard. He switched on the scrambler.

"We have achieved the primary objectives. Shortly I will also have Doc Savage in my power."

"Is it really so important?"

"With him on our side there will be no limit to the power we will have. His knowledge, stamina, training...It cannot be duplicated. Or underestimated."

"We have accomplished much together, so I will trust your judgement, Nader. I just hope you do not make Doc Savage your objective to the exclusion of all else."

"We have accomplished much, and will continue to do so."

Nader ended the communication. The other voice was the man in actual charge of the Soviet Union. A hundred years ago he might have been Imperial Russia's Emperor. Nader had helped him achieve ever greater power there and worldwide, he knew the time would soon come when he would need to dispose of the man. After all, there can be only one world leader...

Half a world away, Doc had returned to the Hawaiian jungle for an extensive course in Kahuna knowledge. Doc made his way thru the moist undergrowth. It had rained and puddles were everywhere, sending small animal life out in search of drier places. Doc was to meet his teacher's own 102 year old instructor, the greatest living expert on Kahuna knowledge in the world.

In the following days Doc learned new mental and physical exercises beyond his daily two-hour exercise ritual.

"A rock," the man said, "is a dead thing. It has no life. Therefore you cannot feel its presence as you could a living thing such as a bush, a tree, a bird. Yet here is a rock, a pebble. Close your eyes and pass your hand close to it. You feel an energy force?"

"...Yes, like a cool breeze, from an ice cube."

"This pebble radiates only because I have handled it for a long time. Alone it has no energy force. But now it contains some of mine. And will for some time to come. But this is elementary. Here is a pet of mine. A native lizard. Ask him if he is happy."

"How?"

"Empty your mind. Think only of the lizard sunning."

Doc closed his eyes. Eventually thoughts came to him. No words, just images. Communication.

"Yes, I am happy," the thoughts came. "The early years of my life were hard. I was almost killed several times by birds. But since I came to live near the man, I have plenty to eat. I am safe. I come and go as I please. I am happy here."

Doc opened his eyes. He smiled slightly at the accomplishment.

"Now, Clark Savage Junior, you must try this with a higher life form. Someone you know."

Clark closed his eyes. Shortly he opened them again.

"I must leave. My friends are in trouble."

"No. You are not yet ready. Nader is still too strong for you to conquer."

"I must. But I will return later."

Doc headed toward the jungle.

The man left behind closed his eyes slowly. Thoughts came to him from Doc's first Kahuna Magic instructor.

"He was our last hope."

"No, there is another."

Landou was brought to a viewing room. On the other side of the glass was the climate-controlled room necessary for oil exploration experiments. The temperature inside now was very low as evidenced by ice crystals on the walls and glass. Motionless on a table was Hands Mono. Nader turned from the glass.

"He is not dead. He is in a state of suspended animation perfected by my medical staff in 1944. Heartbeat and breathing are almost imperceptible. After questioning in Siberia he will be turned over to his creditors."

Doc Savage was soon on his way to the Bering Strait with thoughts of rescue on his mind. His speedplane shot across the sky, cutting air cleanly. He landed at the island unharmed. He was either among friends or in a trap were his thoughts. Doc secured his plane. No one around. He made his way inside the main complex of buildings.

Meanwhile, in another corridor, Landou and his second-in-command were marching along with some of Nader's soldiers and prisoners. For efficiency the deaf man had a paging device that would press slightly against his skin if Landou needed him anywhere on the base. It could also be used for short messages in morse code. Landou used it thusly now.

A dozen steps further and the two went into action. Using two captured pistols and fighting tactics Monk would approve of, they made good their escape with the prisoners. Nader's tactics had left a sour taste in his mouth and now was the time to act. He went to a public address system mike and told his own people to fight the intruding Nader forces with every man for himself.

Doc made his way to Nader, sensing the man's evil presence. The man was alone, still dressed all in black, with his back to the door. Doc had overpowered the guard.

"Your clothing is so unchanging," Doc said, "at least John Sunlight varied colors from day to day."

Nader slowly turned to face Doc. "Well, you know how little brothers like to copy, I guess he felt he had to add a flair."

Nader unsheathed his invisibly glowing sword. Doc did likewise. They took defensive positions.

"The world needs a single government. Not the chaotic jumble it has now," Nader stated. "There will be no wars, no conflicts. No weak governments allowing anarchists to demonstrate in the streets."

Nader brought his sword suddenly downward toward Doc. He blocked it, causing a flash of angry light where the two swords met briefly.

"Yes, no freedom. No personal rights. You are talking about a world dictatorship," Doc said.

Nader swung again, was blocked again. Doc swung, also expertly blocked. "A dictatorship is not always bad, Doc Savage. King Arthur was an absolute ruler."

Doc swung again. "Even King Arthur had a democratic round table."

"I have advisors."

"How long do the ones who disagree with you survive?"

Nader decided to try one last desperate ploy.

"When they told you your father died in 1932, did they bring you a body?"

Doc halted briefly. He could see this would be a stand-off until too late to stop Nader's evil plans again. He turned to the door.

"It is because there was no body. Your father was not killed by Morning Breeze or I. It only seemed that way..."

Doc fought his way nearly to the door. It opened somehow, revealing the empty elevator shaft with two slim cables ten feet away inside. Doc took off his coat. Nader was nearly to him again from across the room.

"... He saw so little of you as you grew. By 1932 he wanted only to explore

the world in search of treasure and excitement, while you were eventually almost an emotionless machine of a crimefighter. Your father found the same age suppressor you used to use."

Doc was at the open doorway. He could feel warm air drifting up from the ground floor eighty feet below. He could see the Centurian Eagle from the window as it made ready to leave. Monk, Ham and Lei were already aboard with Count Landou.

"Your father is still alive." Doc looked surprised in reaction.

"He would never work for you," Doc said.

The lie was working. "Look at me Doc Savage. Listen with your mind. I... am...your father."

Doc almost dropped his sword. He turned and jumped into space. He knew it must be a lie. Still...he could not be certain, and it bothered him. Ate at him inside, as Nader knew it would.

Doc tightened his grip around the jacket around the cables to slow his fall. Then he made his way to the Eagle. They pulled out and flew across the water on the skis. Nader and his men left soon afterward. It would be annexed by the Soviets later, and he had more important fish to catch. Nader gave the fleet its orders and returned himself to Moscow where he was to meet with his superior.

Despite what many Americans think, the Kremlin is not a building. In fact there are many kremlins throughout Russia. It is a word meaning fortress or walled city. The walls of the one in the ancient city-state of Moscow were built in 1492 and have stood ever since. Nader now walked past the picturesque high dome of the Cathedral of the Assumption which towers above all the other Moscow Kremlin buildings. It was begun in 1393. The Grand Palace had been destroyed by Napoleon and replaced by a simple, classic 1800s building.

Nader looked up at the multitude of onion shaped domes which top many towers in shining gold. He made his way eventually to the other man's office. The man stood up as Nader entered...

Far away, in the arctic wastes of northern Siberia, a research laboratory was full of activity. Under watchful eyes of Soviet interrogators, the cold-to-the-touch body of Hands Mono was being returned slowly to normal.

"It will take quite some time for his mind to clear," a scientist said.

"To use the truth serum on him in such a state could be fatal."

"And not following my orders to the letter," the official told him, "can also be fatal."

The research scientist returned to his work. He had perfected the hybernation process using "volunteers" before being captured by the Soviets in WW2.

The lab was located on a shoreline frozen in the other nine months of the year. Edging up to the now empty dock was a vessel the size of the one that Columbus used. The CENTURIAN EAGLE.

"I heard them talking about this place," Landou said. "Hands is my friend, you don't need to get involved."

"I am already involved," Doc Savage said. "I suggest we attack while the element of surprise is with us."

"Don't think I'm going to sit here on my hands," Lei said, "I'm coming too." She strapped on a supermachinepistol.

"Alright," Doc said resignedly. "But someone will have to stay and guard the ship."

"I'll flip you for it," Ham said to Monk.

Monk knocked the coin from Ham's hand and took one from his own pocket. He flipped it. Heads. Which meant Ham got to see the excitement and he had to stay here. Ham grinned and strapped a superfirer to his shoulder. The coin he had hidden in Monk's pocket earlier had done its job.

Doc went ahead, giving the all-clear signal from the top of the cliff. The others came up, keeping low as they approached the buildings. They made their way to the windows and doors. Doc let himself in the unlocked door. Evidently

they had not expected visitors here in the middle of nowhere.

Doc could hear Hands talking sluggishly. Then the interrogator spoke.

"Doc Savage doesn't know where the main rebel bases are. I am a rebel. You can trust me. Tell me so I can let him know."

Doc entered the room boldly. "He already knows."

The two assigned guards who had come in out of the freezing cold went to Doc. One was felled by Doc's closed hand and a split second later the other was sent across the room by Doc's right foot. From another room came more armed men. Lei, Ham and Landou now joined the fray. The bull-fiddle sound of supermachinepistols filled the air along with rifle cracks. The fight was soon over. Hands was helped unsteadily to the Eagle.

Doc made his way to a nearby airstrip where a single jet fighter plane was waiting for the Soviet interrogation officer. The cockpit was not unfamiliar to Doc, having flown captured planes into North Korea and Cambodia. He put on the man's uniform and was soon winging his way toward Moscow...

Nader and the other man sat down simultaneously.

"I do not understand why you had the American president killed. His assistant will most assuredly widen the war against us in Vietnam. And what is your fascination with Savage?"

"The Soviet people rejoiced at the assassination."

"The Soviet people are sheep, to be led where I tell them to go."

"I need Doc Savage to assist me."

"What kind of assistance? I think you aspire a little too much to power."

Nader walked over to a window and looked down. His men were closing around the building.

"I think you are right," he replied. "I think we are in agreement that there are one too many men in charge here." He turned slowly.

The other man saw the look in Nader's eye, heard the edge in his voice. A heavy wall decoration flew across the room of its own accord, missing Nader as he ducked slightly.

"Your Mongol shamanism is no match for the centuries of Huna black arts," Nader said.

The man began gasping for air, his hands flying to his throat in futility. Several heavy objects now flew across the room at Derk Nader. While dodging them his invisible grip loosened. Now it was Nader's turn to be on the defensive. He pulled the heavy wooden door off its frame, using it as a shield and then sending it flying toward his enemy.

Dark, almost invisible beings now seemed to surround Nader's head. They were probably not there but when they touched there was stinging pain. Nader retaliated again by choking the man across the room. More objects flew back and forth thru the air.

Then Soviet troops of the top secret GlavPu arrived. They had followed their orders, overwhelming Nader's men outside. They took the now unctious form of Derk Nader. Orders were to execute him immediately as a traitor. By the time Doc Savage arrived Nader had already disappeared.

The closed-lipped officials would tell Doc little, even with his United Nations commission. The man who Nader answered to also had disappeared. Doc returned to New York. Ham was already in the 80th floor headquarters, bragging about all the hearts he had broken ending most recently with Lei. Monk just smiled and produced an invitation to the wedding of Hands Mono and Princess Lei.

Ham went stomping off. Doc looked at the invitation.

"I understand you invested in a printing firm. Is the invitation real?"

Monk only smiled.

FINIS

"Everywhere man blames nature and fate, yet his fate is mostly but the echo of his character and passions, his mistakes and weaknesses" Democritus



# RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARQUE

## The Real Occult Quest of the Nazis

By Dafydd Neal Dyar

THE premise of the George Lucas/Steve Spielberg film *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is that Adolf Hitler had an obsession to collect occult relics, especially those with a legend of supernatural powers, and that he was thwarted in his efforts to acquire the Lost Ark of the Covenant by archaeologist-adventurer Indiana Jones. The truth of the matter is that Hitler was a practicing warlock and that he did in fact acquire a relic with a 4,000 year history of world-shaking power, and that he did it virtually unopposed.

The Lost Ark of the Covenant was not the only occult artifact sought by Hitler, and although he was beaten to it by Jones in 1936 he managed to acquire something even more powerful in 1938 — a thing he had coveted since his street-artist days in Vienna before the Great War to End All Wars. It has been known by many names: The Spear of Longinus, The Spear of Destiny, The Heilige Lanze and The Arque of the Crucifixion.

What follows might be called the Legend of the Lost Arque ...

It was originally known as the Spear of Phineas. Two thousand years before the birth of Christ, it was forged by the Hebrew prophet Phineas as a symbol of Jewish solidarity. With it, the original nation of Israel was formed from the Twelve Tribes who had formerly warred among themselves. It became their symbol of absolute Authority, at least so far as things earthly were concerned. It was handed down from King to King.

Joshua carried it at the battle of Jericho, and waved it to signal the charge when the mighty walls came a-tumbling down, shattered by the power of the Ark of the Covenant if we believe the Apocryphal Book of Tobit. This same Spear was hurled at David by King Saul in a fit of jealous rage, and later sent to him as an acknowledgement of his Kingship over Israel. It became known as the Spear of Herod Antipas when Herod the Great used its authority to order the Massacre of the First-Born in an attempt to forestall the advent of the Messiah and his own downfall. Eventually, it was carried to Golgotha by the Jerusalem Temple Guard as a passport, to allow them to break the legs of three crucified criminals and so forestall another prophecy that "not a bone of Him shall be broken."

But they had not counted on Gaius Cassius Longinus.

The Centurion to Roman Pro-Council Pontius Pilate was appalled by the barbarity of the Temple Guard's method of hastening death. Though his eyesight was failing due to cataracts, he swept down on horseback and snatched the ancient Spear from them. Wheeling about, he drove it neatly between Jesus of Nazareth's third and fourth ribs ... an act of martial mercy. His sight was miraculously restored by the blood that washed over him and the point of his commandeered Spear.

Consecrated — *baptised*, if you will — in the blood of the Christ it killed, the Spear of Longinus the Centurion became infused with a holy mystic power. Whosoever wielded it thereafter was to have the power to change the world for good or evil ... and many were destined to do so in the two millenia that followed.

For while the Lost Ark sought by Ravenwood, Jones and Hitler lay buried beneath the arid sands of Tanis, untouched and touching no one, the Lost Arque was passed from hand to hand with a legacy of violence and apocalyptic upheaval following every step of the way.

How the Spear of Destiny came out of Judaea and where it traveled during the first two centuries following the Crucifixion are mysteries as yet unsolved. It next appears historically in the hands of a Manichaean Christian named Mauritius, commander of the Theban Legion in the service of Diocletian in 285 A.D. He was martyred, along with six thousand six hundred and sixty-six of his Legionaires, by the Roman tyrant Maximian for refusing to worship the Roman gods at Le Valais. He is the only recorded Holder of the Spear who did *not* choose to use its powers.

Constantine carried it at the Battle of Milvian Bridge (outside Rome) which resulted in his being crowned Emperor. He used it to consecrate New Rome, later to be known as Constantinople and Istanbul. When he faced the Ecumenical Council and declared himself the "13th Apostle", promulgating his Dogma of the Trinity, the Spear served as his Authority. No one dared speak against him ... or it.

Karl Martel, the "Hammer of God", carried it to Poitiers to defeat the Arab armies of Abd-ar-Rhaman (732 A.D.) and lay the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire. By this time, a Nail from the True Cross had been added to the Spearhead, bound into the slot in the blade with wires of silver and gold. Martel added the dual hooked flanges engraved with golden crosses that gave the relic a new name: The Arque of the Crucifixion! (An *arque* was a hooked spear used solely for executions, to pierce the heart. Its usage is lost but for a derivation that appeared with the introduction of firearms — the *arquebus*.)

It was Martel's successor, Charlemagne, who forged the Holy Roman Empire using the Arque and the Sign of the Cross it represented as his symbols. *In Hoc Signo Vincas* — "By This Sign, I Conquer!" — he said ... and he did. He was dubbed Emperor in 800 A.D. holding the Spear in lieu of a scepter. Twenty years later he lost the Spearhead while fording a river ... and twenty-four hours later he was dead and his Empire was being divided by his feuding offspring.

No less than forty-five Emperors claimed the Spear from the time of Charlemagne to the fall of the German Empire in 1800 — a period, please note, of *exactly* 1,000 years! The Saxon king Heinrich I, also known as Henry the Fowler or Henry Bird-Catcher, carried it to defeat the Magyars in the Battle of Unstrut. Heinrich's grandson Otto used it to defeat the Mongols at the Battle of Leach (near Vienna) to become Otto the Great. Pope John XII used the Spear to dub him Otto I, Holy Roman Emperor and Savior of Europe, thus founding the First Reich. Bismarck carried it a few centuries later when he founded the Second Reich and created the German Empire. From here on it figured prominently in Teutonic history.

It was held by five Saxon emperors after the fall of the Carolingians, then by seven Hohenstauffens — including Frederick Barbarossa, his grandson Frederick II and Philip of Swabia — and finally the Hohenzollerns of Hapsburg. Francis of Assisi carried it on an errand of mercy, and it inspired the creation of the Teutonic Knights. Napoleon tried to claim it following the Battle of Austerlitz, but it had already been smuggled to Vienna by the patriotic underground *Germanorden*.

Eventually, the *Heilige Lanze* — Holy Spear — came to rest in the *Weltliche Schatzkammer* of the Hofburg Museum in Vienna, as part of the Hapsburg Treasures and *Reichskleinodien*, or Imperial Crown Jewels. It was at the Hofburg in 1909 that the young Adolf Hitler first saw the Spear of Destiny and was impressed by its aura of mystic power and historic significance — so much so that he later wrote of the experience in his apocryphal autobiography, *Mein Kampf*.

Hitler was an unabashed mystic who associated with others of the same kind, most notably Heinrich Himmler, who believed himself a reincarnation of Heinrich I and created much of the mystique of the Nazi SS, and Karl Haushofer, who became Hitler's personal astrologer and physician and persuaded Rudolf Hess to defect. He was initiated in to the *Blutorden* — the Blood Order — by Ernst Pretzche and the notorious "Baron" Guido von List, and later incorporated some of their ritual into the SS. He studied the works of Dietrich Eckart, a Satanist and propagandist for the *Thule Gesellschaft* — the Thule Society — and later used the techniques which earned it the name "Society of Assassins". They combined ritual and political murder, killing their opponents and designating them as human sacrifices into the bargain. The purge that brought Hitler to prominence was of the same order. Hitler believed he was the reincarnation of Landulf II of Capua, a former Holder of the Spear of Destiny whom we shall get to know better.

Hitler was also inspired by the works of Frederick Nietzsche and Richard Wagner. Nietzsche was an atheist who propounded the doctrine of the *Übermensch*, and a member of Aleister Crowley's infamous *Astrum Argentium* — the Silver Star, better known as the Order of the Golden Dawn. Wagner was a member of the *Orden Walvater* — the Order of the All-Father, or Odin Society — whose arcane lore often figured prominently in his opera. One such was Hitler's favorite: *Parsifal*.

*Parsifal* was based on *Parsival*, a Grail romance narrated by the 13th Century poet Wolfram von Eschenbach and later illustrated by the 17th Century alchemist Basilus Valentinius. And what did Eschenbach and Wagner use to represent the Holy Grail in these works? None other than the Heilige Lanze, the Arque of Longinus!

In *Parsival*, the Sacred Spear is stolen from King Anfortas, Keeper of the Holy Grail and lord of the Teutonic Knights, by the evil castrated wizard Klingsor who then deals Anfortas a "wound which never heals". Parsival, a Teutonic Galahad, leads the Knights on a quest to the wizard's Dark Fortress and recovers the Spear, becoming the new Keeper. Hitler seems to have cast himself as the new Parsival, a pure Teutonic Knight who would wrest the Heilige Lanze from its unclean captors, the "castrated" Austrian Empire, and use it to lead his righteous armies to eternal victory across the entire world. Instead, he became another Klingsor ...

Or, possibly, the *original* Klingsor! Eschenbach based his Grail epic on

historical personalities of the 9th Century when he composed it in 1207. Parsival was based on Luitwald of Bercelli, Chancellor to King Charles the Bald, the grandson of Charlemagne and himself the model for Anfortas. Klingsor was based on Landulf II of Capua, Lord of Terra di Labor and "Third Man" to Louis II — a traitor who sold out his countrymen to the Moors in return for lands in southwestern Sicily. There, in a remote fortress known variously as Chateau Mer-vaille, Kalot Enbolat (from the Arabic *Qul'at al-Bellut* — "Forest of the Oaks") and Monte Castello, he became known as a black magician who practiced human sacrifice, ritual cannibalism and Satanism.

This was the man Hitler believed was his "former self". Either he somehow convinced himself that Landulf II was actually Parsival, or knew him to be Klingsor and simply didn't care. He had once held the Spear ... that was enough.

Hitler believed he bore the mantle of greatness and commanded mystic powers. He established his Nazi *Schutzstaffeln* as an occult hierarchal order, its silver "SS" based on the ancient *Sig* rune, its *Tohtskopf* — death's head — insignia a necromantic badge invoking dark forces. Many of the atrocities of the Nazi defy understanding from any political or social or psychological standpoint, but if viewed as ritualistic acts of human sacrifice and demonic invocation — on a hitherto unimagined scale — they begin to take on a sick kind of significance and make an ugly kind of sense.

The Nazi *swastika* or *hakenkreuz* is based on an occult symbol dating back to the time of the prophet Phineas and representing the cyclic nature of the Universe, much like the Chinese *yin/yang* emblem. But the Nazi *gammadion* is reversed — its sweptback arms drive it counterclockwise, rather than clockwise as intended. The reversal is calculated, as significant as the inverted Cross used in the Black Mass ritual of the Satanist. The Nazis were as much Anti-Christian as they were anti-Semitic, their racism masking a fanatic Pseudo-religious occult obsession.

It was indeed Black Magic ... the very blackest. Even today, Nazi regalia exerts a seductive and unhealthy appeal to those who seek power over themselves and others. Just look how popular it has become of late ... and with whom!

Hitler's mysticism didn't stop with mere symbolism of course. He established the *Ahnenerbe* — the Nazi Occult Bureau — to conduct research on and eventually acquire various supernatural artifacts for Germany. (The basic premise of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* was true!) He outlawed all other occult societies in Germany, lest they sap his power or overthrow him, and maintained a circle of adepts to conduct psychic warfare against England. He even delayed the completion of the V-2 rocket because he feared it might disrupt an "etheric structure" he imagined circled the earth like a kind of astral Midgard Serpent. He used horoscopes to plan his battles and tactics.

Hitler ordered his first act of conquest in August 1938 with the *Anschluss* — the annexation of his native Austria. Heinrich Himmler was given a special mission at this time: overseeing the removal of the Spear from the Hofburg in Vienna and its installation in St. Katherine's Church in Nuremberg, the seat of Nazi power and most modern adjunct to Bayreuth, the spiritual nexus of the Germanic peoples Hitler thought of as "Aryans". After nearly thirty years, the Spear would finally be his!

"Today, Austria! Tomorrow, the World!" — was not an idle boast. Hitler now thought himself invincible. Shortly after acquiring his sacred Talisman of

power, he annexed the Rhineland, invaded Poland, then Czechoslovakia, then France. He patterned his "spearhead" assaults — the famous *Blitzkrieg* — on the Holy Spear itself, and nothing stood in their way long. Each new conquest increased Hitler's sense of divine Destiny. Even the communion with God inherent in the Ark of the Covenant could not rival the world-shaping power of the Arque of the Crucifixion that had slain Him. Hitler dealt the entire world a "wound that cannot heal" ...

In April 1945, the United States 7th Army under General George S. Patton defeated the last of the Panzer divisions defending Nuremberg and captured the city. St. Katherine's Church was leveled in the process, but the *Reichskleinodien* — including the Spear — had already been moved to a secret vault 900 feet beneath the *Obern Schmidtgasse* (Upper Blacksmith's Alley) where it might have lain concealed forever had not its secret entrance been blown away during an artillery exchange a few days earlier. The Spear was ready to change hands again, apparently.

At 2:10 p.m. on Monday, 30 April 1945, Lieutenant Walter William Horn of U.S. Army Intelligence (SN 01326328 — now Senior Lecturer for the University of Barton Sociology Department) recovered the Lost Arque and brought it to General Patton. It had been resting on a 10-foot marble altar looted from the Church of St. Mary in Krakow — unmarred and unscathed by the devastation that surrounded it.

That same day/afternoon, Adolf Hitler committed suicide in the *Fuehrerbunker* in Berlin. The "Thousand-Year Reich" had fallen, and Klingsor had lost again ... a thousand years after his original defeat at the hands of Parsival.

Patton was delighted by his new acquisition. An ardent student of history, he knew the legend of the Spear and believed himself a reincarnation of Tiberius and other historical warriors. Not surprisingly, he attempted to keep the relic as spoils of war. The Austrian government protested vehemently.

On Wednesday, 6 June 1945, the Spear was returned with the rest of the *Reichskleinodien* to the Hofburg Museum in Vienna. The Lost Arque now sits enshrined on red velvet in the *Weltliche Schatzkammer*, exactly as Adolf Hitler first saw it in 1909. It may be seen there free of charge Monday through Saturday between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Unless the Spear on display is a counterfeit.

Heinrich Himmler was as much as mystic as his mentor Hitler, and believed he'd been a Spear Holder as Heinrich I a thousand years earlier. He devised the rituals and regalia of the Nazi SS and made them extensions of Hitler's will, a Black Army of Night. So enthralled was he by the legend of the Arque that in 1935, three years before the *Anschluss* brought Germany the real thing, he had an exact replica of it made for his SS retreat at Wewelsburg in Westphalia.

He disagreed with the Fuehrer over the proper disposition of the Spear when it finally came into their grasp. He felt that Wewelsburg, site of a shrine of the ancient Order of Knights Templar, a far more fitting place for the Spear than Nuremberg. Westphalia, not Bayreuth, was the true heartland of Germania. Hitler brooked no argument, however. Nuremberg was his spiritual capital, the site of the largest mass ceremonies and military displays in the history of the world ... the Spear must go to Nuremberg!

But did it? Himmler was in charge of the transfer, and had an exact replica in his possession. He might have felt that the interests of Germany were better served by a bit of discreet duplicity. Hitler could have his symbol of power in Nuremberg while the real talisman rested safely in the Frederick Barbarossa Room at Wewelsburg. Is it the genuine Arque that rests in the Hofburg, or a cunning fake? And if the latter, what happened to the true Spear of Destiny?

It may have been destroyed when Wewelsburg was blasted to rubble in 1945, or looted by soldiers during the Occupation, or captured along with Himmler at the border post where he committed suicide and was buried in an unmarked grave. It may now sit on the mantlepiece of some unknowing American, British, French or Russian veteran ... or locked in a secret vault in Washington D.C. or the Tower of London or Paris or the Kremlin. It may even have been taken for scrap and now exists as parts for a Volkswagen or some such.

Wherever it is, it's a pretty good bet that whoever has it doesn't know what they've got. The Lost Arque may simply be biding its time until the right — or wrong — person comes along to claim it. Even now, some modern-day Parsival/Indiana Jones may be racing a would-be Klingsor/Rene Belloq to recover the Lost Arque and once again unleash its awesome supernatural powers.

*But let the finder beware* — The Spear of Destiny has left a trail of blood and devastation across entire continents for two millenia, starting with the blood of Christ Himself. Even the fictional Ark of the Covenant proved too powerful for mere men to control, and it was nowhere near as active as the Arque of the Crucifixion. If Hitler is any indication, the all-too-real Spear of Destiny — like Sauron's Ring in the works of J.R.R. Tolkien — does the controlling.

Whoever finds the Lost Arque may well regret they ever went looking for it ...

Truth, as always, is stranger than fiction. There are no dire warnings engraved on bronze medallions or muttered by withered ancients, merely the lessons of history to tell us that some things are best left undisturbed. The legend of the Arque says that whosoever holds it will have the power to change the destiny of the world for *good* as well as evil, but no one since the martyr Mauritius has held it with restraint. If anything, its potential for destruction has only increased with time.

Wherever it rests, in the Hofburg or elsewhere, let us hope it continues to rest in peace. After all, we still haven't recovered from the *last* time ... †

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